

# HEATH'S HOME AND SCHOOL CLASSICS

THE BEGINNER'S SHAKESPEARE

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## THE WINTER'S TALE

ABRIDGED AND EDITED BY  
SARAH WILLARD HIESTAND



WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AFTER DRAWINGS  
BY HAMILTON, OPIE, WHEATLEY,  
AND WRIGHT



D. C. HEATH & CO., PUBLISHERS  
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**THE STRATFORD BUST OF SHAKESPEARE.**

Drawn by G. H. Moulton, after the engraving by E. Scriven from the drawing by John Boaden from the original Bust, published in James Boaden's *Portraits of Shakespeare* in 1824.

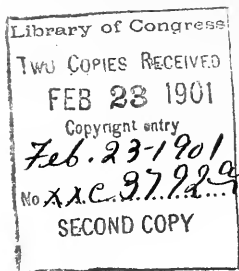
THE BEGINNER'S SHAKESPEARE

THE COMEDY OF  
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1901



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Shakespeariana

## PREFACE

**T**HE present work is a simplified edition of Shakespeare suited to the needs of pupils from twelve to fifteen years of age.

The text has been abridged from the Globe edition, the line numbering of which is retained in order to show the elisions and for convenience of reference. Those portions of the plays have been omitted which are likely to prove tedious, puzzling, or incomprehensible to the young reader; and yet this version will be found full enough to give a perfect outline of each play in the poet's own words.

It is presumed that the same plays, or at least some of them, will be taken up again for closer study: that they will have lost nothing in interest by the preliminary reading of earlier years, we may trust to the ever fresh spirit of their author's genius.

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## ILLUSTRATIONS

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NOTE. The Stratford Bust of Shakespeare rests in a niche in the wall of the church at Stratford where the poet was buried. The sculptor, Gerard Johnson, or Janssen, was born in Amsterdam and removed to London when a young man, where he was known as a "tombe-maker." The bust, which is not a work of art, was probably erected soon after Shakespeare's death at the expense of Dr. John Hall, his son-in-law, and was considered a satisfactory likeness at the time. It is executed in a soft limestone and was originally colored after the life, the eyes being a light hazel, the hair and beard auburn.

Sculptors assert that it bears marks of having been modeled after a death-mask, the sculptor making some alterations in the attempt to restore a lifelike appearance. It is thought also that the unskillful carver had an accident which obliged him to finish off the nose shorter than he had at first measured it. The drawing here given is taken from the engraving of the bust published by Mr. James Boaden in 1824. Below the monument is a curious inscription which reads :

GOOD FRENDE FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE  
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:  
BLESE BE YE MAN Y<sup>t</sup> SPARES THES STONES  
AND CVRST BE HE Y<sup>t</sup> MOVES MY BONES.



William Hamilton (1751-1801) was an artist who is known to us

chiefly through his illustrations of books. His designs facing pages 17, 27, 64, and 113 of this volume are reproductions in outline of the original steel engravings in the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery.



John Opie (1761-1807), historical and portrait painter, was employed on five subjects for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery; one of these, reproduced in outline, faces page 31.



Francis Wheatley (1747-1801) and Joseph Wright (1734-1797) also produced paintings for the Boydell Shakespeare Gallery, reproduced in this volume opposite pages 46 and 60.

## PRONUNCIATION

### *of Proper Names used in The Winter's Tale*

*(Vowel sounds indicated as in Webster)*

An-tig'o-nus	Le-on'tēs
Ar'chi-dā'mus	Lib'y-a
Āu-to'l'y-cus	Ma-mil'li-us
Ca-mil'lo	Mop'sa
Cle-om'en-ēs	Pau-lī'na
Cyth'e-rē'a	Per'di-ta
Del'phos	Phœ'bus (æ = ē)
Dī'on	Po-lix'en-ēs
Dor'i-clēs	Pro-ser'pi-na
E-mil'i-a	Ro-ġē'ro
Flor'i-zel	Si-cil'i-a
Her-mī'o-ne	Smā'lus
Jū'li-o Ro-mā'no	Whit'sun

## INTRODUCTION

THE object of this edition is to cultivate a love for Shakespeare by introducing his dramas to young readers in such shape that they may be found readable and attractive. Notes and comments are frequently a hindrance and stumbling-block to the beginner, and the very thought of having to study a piece of literature is enough to make it seem repellent at the outset.

It is therefore suggested that beginners in Shakespeare be encouraged to attempt a cursory reading of the selected play without reference to notes or explanations. In classes, teachers may ask their pupils to procure a copy of the play a week before the study of it is to begin and to read it through once, or have it read to them by their elders, as any other story would be read, for the mere pleasure of it. It is a noteworthy fact that many seeming difficulties may be glided over in this way and something like an understanding or general picture of the play as a whole placed before the mind.

The footnotes, which are for the most part in the form of synonyms, have been placed upon the page rather unwillingly; they are intended for the children's use, to assist them in becoming familiar with a diction which is now and then too far from our every-day speech to be easily understood. They are purposely brief, so as to distract the attention as little as possible from the interest of the tale. The following remarks on the play and the Notes at the end will suggest to teachers points for special comment in class. It is taken for granted that any teacher will have at hand a trustworthy, well-annotated edition of Shakespeare for reference in such cases as cannot be covered in an elementary book.

*The Winter's Tale*, written probably in the winter of 1610-11, is one of the latest, perhaps the very last complete drama from the hand of Shakespeare. It may have been written at Stratford after his retirement from the stage; for its

breath of free country air, its unconscious emphasis of homely rural simplicity, show us the Poet enjoying his release from the artificial life of the city.

Evidences of the maturity of the dramatist's powers are shown in his frequent use of ellipsis, and in the style of versification which is notable for the absence of rhyme; quite as striking evidence, too, is found in the spirit of the play, which exhibits the cheerful gentleness and calm of his latest work.

In the construction of *The Winter's Tale* Shakespeare took the materials of his plot from a story that was already familiar and popular; this was his usual custom and was not peculiar to him. His method of treatment, however, differs in important details from that of the modern playwright who turns out a dramatized version of a popular book: although some of the main features were retained by him, he frequently made radical changes in the plot, while his elaboration and development of the characters vivified and utterly transformed the most ordinary narrative.

The plot of *The Winter's Tale* is taken in this way from Robert Greene's novel of *Pandosto*, with some omissions, additions, and changes. The characters of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus are Shakespeare's own; his also is the recovery and long concealment of Hermione, and the statue scene at the end of the play; and his is the development of real human characters from the lay-figures of Greene's story.

The play is a double drama with a lapse of sixteen years between its two parts. The first may be called the story of Queen Hermione, ending in the third act with her seeming death and the casting away of her baby daughter. The second part, beginning with the fourth act, takes up the story of the lost child, Perdita, now grown to bewitching girlhood, and so fascinating as to stand perhaps at the head of Shakespeare's maiden heroines.

In the first part we behold Leontes, the King of Sicily, becoming the victim of his own jealous, suspicious nature, branding his noble wife with dishonor, and accusing her of conspiracy against his crown and life in company with his old

## INTRODUCTION

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friend Polixenes, the King of Bohemia. Camillo, his tried friend and counselor, on whom he lays the burden of assassinating Polixenes, cannot purge his poisoned mind; and so after the escape of Polixenes and Camillo, the enraged king wreaks his vengeance on the unhappy queen and his little daughter. Penitence comes too late to restore either of these sufferers to him, or to save the young prince, little Mamillius, who is one of the few children in Shakespeare's pages.

The second part of the drama shows us Perdita as a shepherd's daughter in a beautiful and romantic setting, wooed by the chivalrous Prince Florizel, who is the son of Polixenes. Their elopement is followed by the discovery of Perdita's identity and her mother's return to the world, after the long period of her concealment during which Leontes had fully repented his rash cruelty.

This happy ending emphasizes the quality of the story, which is somewhat that of a fairy tale; for, although it does not deal with the supernatural, it seems quite what we might imagine coming from the lips of a gifted story-teller to a group of absorbed listeners gathered around a winter fireside, in the days when books were few and readers scarcely more numerous.

Little Mamillius says, "A sad tale's best for winter"; yet this is not altogether sad, ending as it does with the joyful reunion of family and friends. Again, the greatest charm of the whole play to most readers lies in the portrayal of Perdita, brave, yet retiring, dignified, yet practical, and at all times charmingly graceful and poetic. And thus the recollection of Hermione's suffering is softened and at last removed into a subdued, tender background for the lovely vision of her young daughter, with her dancing and her flowers.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LEONTES, King of Sicilia.

MAMILLIUS, young Prince of Sicilia.

CAMILLO,  
ANTIGONUS,  
CLEOMENES,  
DION, } Four Lords of Sicilia.

POLIXENES, King of Bohemia.

FLORIZEL, Prince of Bohemia.

ARCHIDAMUS, a Lord of Bohemia.

Old Shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.

Clown, his son.

AUTOLYCUS, a rogue.

A Mariner.

A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, queen to Leontes.

PERDITA, daughter to Leontes and Hermione.

PAULINA, wife to Antigonus.

EMILIA, a lady attending on Hermione.

MOPSA, }  
DORCAS, } Shepherdesses.

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants,  
Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

SCENE : *Sicilia, and Bohemia.*

# THE WINTER'S TALE

## ACT I

SCENE I. *Antechamber in the palace of LEONTES,  
King of Sicilia.*

*Enter CAMILLO, a Lord of Sicilia, and ARCHIDAMUS, a  
Lord of Bohemia.*

*Archidamus.* If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

*Camillo.* I think, this coming summer, the King <sup>6</sup> of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

*Archidamus.* Verily, we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, <sup>15</sup> unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

*Camillo.* You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them <sup>25</sup> then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now.

<sup>7</sup> Bohemia, the name of the country used for its king.

<sup>16</sup> unintelligent = unconscious, Note 5 (*d*).

<sup>26</sup> which = that it, Note 5 (*c*).

*Archidamus.* I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamil-  
lius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise 40  
that ever came into my note.

*Camillo.* I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a 45  
man.

*Archidamus.* Would they else be content to die?

*Camillo.* Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

*Archidamus.* If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.* 50

SCENE II. *A room of state in the same.*

*Enter* LEONTES, HERMIONE, *queen to* LEONTES, MAMILLIUS, *Prince of Sicilia*, POLIXENES, *King of Bohemia*, CAMILLO, *and* Attendants.

*Polixenes.* Nine changes of the watery star hath  
been

The shepherd's note since we have left our throne  
Without a burthen: time as long again  
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks. 4

1 watery star = the moon (she controls the tides).

2 note = mark of time.

4 brother, a term of courtesy: the kings were brothers only in rank.



*Leontes.* Stay your thanks awhile;  
And pay them when you part.

*Polixenes.* Sir, that 's to-morrow. 10

*Leontes.* One seven-night longer.

*Polixenes.* Very sooth, to-morrow.

*Leontes.* We'll part the time between 's then;  
and in that

I'll no gainsaying.

*Polixenes.* Press me not, beseech you, so.  
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the  
world, 20

So soon as yours could win me. My affairs  
Do even drag me homeward.

Farewell, our brother.

*Leontes.* Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

*Hermione.* Tell him, you are sure 30

All in Bohemia 's well; this 'satisfaction  
The by-gone day proclaim'd.

*Leontes.* Well said, Hermione.

*Hermione.* To tell, he longs to see' his son, were  
strong:

But let him say so then, and let him go; 35  
Yet of your royal presence I'll adventure  
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia

10 part = depart.

18 We'll part the time = let us compromise by dividing the time.

19 I'll no gainsaying = I'll have no gainsaying, Notes 2 and 9.

38 adventure the borrow = risk the borrowing, Note 3.

You take my lord, I'll give him my commission 40  
To let him there a month behind the gest  
Prefix'd for 's parting. You'll stay?

*Polixenes.* No, madam.

*Hermione.* Nay, but you will?

*Polixenes.* I may not, verily.

*Hermione.* Verily! Verily,

You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily's' 50

As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?

Force me to keep you as a prisoner,

Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees

When you depart, and save your thanks. How  
say you?

My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily' 55  
One of them you shall be.

*Polixenes.* Your guest, then, madam.

*Hermione.* Not your gaoler, then,

But your kind hostess. Come, I'll question you 60

Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:

You were pretty lordings then?

*Polixenes.* We were, fair queen,

Two lads that thought there was no more behind

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,

And to be boy eternal.

*Hermione.* Was not my lord

The verier wag o' the two? 65

*Polixenes.* We were as twinn'd lambs that did  
frisk i' the sun,  
And bleat the one at the other.

*Leontes.* Is he won yet? 86

*Hermione.* He 'll stay, my lord.

*Leontes.* At my request he would not.  
*Hermione,* my dearest, thou never spokest  
To better purpose.

*Hermione.* Never?

*Leontes.* Never, but once.

*Hermione.* What! have I twice said well? when  
was 't before? 90

Nay, let me have 't; I long.

*Leontes.* Why, that was when  
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to  
death, 102

Ere I could make thee open thy white hand  
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter  
'I am yours for ever.'

*Hermione.* I have spoke to the purpose twice. 106  
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;  
The other for some while a friend.

*Leontes.* Mamillius,  
Art thou my boy?

*Mamillius.* Ay, my good lord.

*Leontes.* I' fecks! 120

Why, that's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd  
thy nose?

They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,  
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:  
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf  
Are all call'd neat. How now, you wanton calf! 126  
Art thou my calf?

*Mamillius.* Yes, if you will, my lord.

*Leontes.* Come, sir page,  
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain! 136  
Most dear'st! my collop!

*Polixenes.* What means Sicilia?

*Hermione.* He something seems unsettled. 147

*Polixenes.* How, my lord!

What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother?

*Hermione.* You look

As if you held a brow of much distraction:

Are you moved?

*Leontes.* No. Looking on the lines  
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil  
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd, 155  
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled,  
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,

121 bawcock: pet name for a boy. 126 wanton = playful.

136 welkin = rolling. 137 collop: literally, a slice of meat; so we say  
"a chip of the old block." 147 something seems unsettled = seems  
somewhat disturbed, Note 7. 154 methoughts = my thoughts.

155 unbreeched, *i.e.*, before I wore breeches.

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:  
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,  
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend, 160  
Will you take eggs for money?

*Mamillius.* No, my lord, I'll fight.

*Leontes.* You will! why, happy man be's dole!

My brother,

Are you so fond of your young prince as we  
Do seem to be of ours?

*Polixenes.* If at home, sir, 165

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter,  
Now my sworn friend and then mine enemy,  
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:  
He makes a July's day short as December. 169

*Leontes.* So stands this squire  
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,  
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,  
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;  
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap: 175

Next to thyself and my young rover, he's  
Apparent to my heart.

*Hermione.* If you would seek us,  
We are yours i' the garden.

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, and Attendants.]

160 squash = an unripe thing. 161 take eggs for money = take an insult. 163 happy man be's dole = may his lot in life be a happy one. 171 So . . . squire officed = such is my boy's office. 177 Apparent = heir-apparent.

*Leontes.* To your own bents dispose you. How  
now, boy!

*Mamillius.* I am like you, they say.

*Leontes.* Why, that's some comfort.  
What, Camillo there?

*Camillo.* Ay, my good lord. 210

*Leontes.* Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honest  
man. [Exit MAMILLIUS.

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

*Camillo.* You had much ado to make his anchor  
hold

To satisfy your highness and the entreaties 232  
Of our most gracious mistress.

*Leontes.* Satisfy!

Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo, 235

With all the nearest things to my heart, as well  
My chamber-councils, wherein, priest-like, thou  
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed  
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been

Deceived in thy integrity, deceived 240  
In that which seems so.

*Camillo.* Be it forbid, my lord!

*Leontes.* To bide upon't, thou art not honest, or,  
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward.

*Camillo.* My gracious lord,  
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful; 250

In every one of these no man is free,  
But, beseech your grace,  
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass 265  
By its own visage: if I then deny it,  
'T is none of mine.

*Leontes.* Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—  
But that's past doubt, you have,—or heard, or  
thought,—

[In a series of fierce, involved, disjointed sentences, here omitted, Leontes' accuses his former friend of uniting with the Queen in actions that would be treasonable against himself and hence against the state.]

*Camillo.* I would not be a stander-by to hear  
My mistress clouded so. My lord, be cured 280  
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;  
For 't is most dangerous. 296

*Leontes.* Say it be, 't is true.

*Camillo.* No, no, my lord.

*Leontes.* It is;

And thou, his cupbearer, who mayst see  
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees  
heaven, 315

How I am galled, mightst bespice a cup,  
To give mine enemy a lasting wink.

*Camillo.* Sir, my lord,  
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,  
But with a lingering dram that should not work 320

317 give . . . wink, *i.e.*, put him to death.

Maliciously like poison: but I cannot  
Believe this—

*Leontes.* Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,— 325

*Camillo.* I must believe you, sir:

I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't. 334

Go then; and with a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia  
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer: 345  
If from me he have wholesome beverage,  
Account me not your servant.

*Leontes.* This is all;  
Do't and thou hast the one half of my heart;  
Do't not, thou split'st thine own.

*Camillo.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Leontes.* I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised  
me. [Exit. 350

*Camillo.* O miserable lady! But, for me,  
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner  
Of good Polixenes; and my ground to do't  
Is the obedience to a master, one  
Who in rebellion with himself will have 355  
All that are his so too. To do this deed,  
Promotion follows. If I could find example  
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings  
And flourish'd after, I'd not do't.

325 muddy = confused. 334 fetch off = kill.

349 thou split'st thine own, *i.e.*, you will lose your life.



Here comes Bohemia.

*Re-enter POLIXENES.*

*Polixenes.* This is strange: methinks  
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak? 365  
Good day, Camillo.

*Camillo.* Hail, most royal sir!

*Polixenes.* What is the news i' the court?

*Camillo.* None rare, my lord.

*Polixenes.* The king hath on him such a coun-  
tenance

As he had lost some province and a region  
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him 370  
With customary compliment; when he,  
Wafting his eyes to the contrary and falling  
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and  
So leaves me to consider what is breeding  
That changeth thus his manners. 375

*Camillo.* I dare not know, my lord.

*Polixenes.* How! dare not! do not. Do you know,  
and dare not?

Your changed complexions are to me a mirror 381  
Which shows me mine changed too.

*Camillo.* There is a sickness  
Which puts some of us in distemper, but  
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught

369 As he had = as if he had.

372 falling a lip = letting his lip fall, Note 3 (c).

Of you that yet are well.

*Polixenes.* How! caught of me! 387

Make me not sighted like the basilisk:

I have looked on thousands, who have sped the  
better

By my regard, but kill'd none so, Camillo.

A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo,

I conjure thee, by all the parts of man 400

Which honour does acknowledge, that thou de-  
clare

What incidency thou dost guess of harm

Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;

Which way to be prevented. 405

*Camillo.* Sir, I will tell you;

I am appointed him to murder you. 412

*Polixenes.* By whom, Camillo?

*Camillo.* By the king.

*Polixenes.* For what?

How should this grow?

*Camillo.* I know not; but I am sure 't is safer to 432

Avoid what 's grown than question how 't is born.

Your followers I will whisper to the business,

And will by twos and threes at several posterns

Clear them o' the city. For myself, I'll put

388 basilisk = a fabled species of serpent which killed by its glance.

389 sped = fared. 400 parts = qualities.

403 incidency = incidence, probable accident. 412 him, *i.e.*, the one.

My fortunes to your service, which are here 440

By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;

For, by the honour of my parents, I

Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,

I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer

Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth. 445

*Polixenes.* I do believe thee:

I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:

Be pilot to me and thy places shall

Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready and

My people did expect my hence departure 450

Two days ago. Fear o'ershades me. Come,

I will respect thee as a father if

Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid. 462

*Camillo.* It is in mine authority to command

The keys of all the posterns: please your high-  
ness

To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

449 Still = always.      462 avoid = depart.

## ACT II

### SCENE I. *A room in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, and Ladies.*

*Hermione.* Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,  
'Tis past enduring.

*First Lady.* Come, my gracious lord,  
Shall I be your playfellow?

*Mamillius.* No, I'll none of you.

*First Lady.* Why, my sweet lord?

*Mamillius.* You'll kiss me hard and speak to me  
as if

5

I were a baby still. I love you better.

*Second Lady.* And why so, my lord?

*Mamillius.* Not for because  
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,  
Become some women best, so that there be not  
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,  
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

10

*Second Lady.* Who taught you this?

*Mamillius.* I learnt it out of women's faces. Pray  
now

What colour are your eyebrows?

*First Lady.* Blue, my lord.

*Mamillius.* Nay, that's a mock: I have seen a  
lady's nose

That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

*First Lady.*

Hark ye. 15

*Hermione.* What wisdom stirs amongst you?

Come, sir, now

I am for you again: pray you, sit by us, 22

And tell 's a tale.

*Mamillius.* Merry or sad shall 't be?

*Hermione.* As merry as you will.

*Mamillius.* A sad tale 's best for winter: I have  
one 25

Of sprites and goblins.

*Hermione.* Let 's have that, good sir.

Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best  
To fright me with your sprites; you're powerful  
at it.

*Mamillius.* There was a man—

*Hermione.* Nay, come, sit down; then on.

*Mamillius.* Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it  
softly; 30

Yond crickets shall not hear it.

*Hermione.* Come on, then,

And give 't me in mine ear.

*Enter LEONTES, with ANTIGONUS, a Lord of Sicilia, Lords,  
and others.*

*Leontes.* Was he met there? his train? Camillo  
with him?

*First Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them;  
never

Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them 35  
Even to their ships.

*Leontes.* How blest am I  
In my just censure, in my true opinion!  
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed  
In being so blest! There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart, 40  
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
Is not infected: but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his  
sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the  
spider. 45

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:  
There is a plot against my life, my crown;  
All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain  
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:  
He has discover'd my design, and I 50  
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick  
For them to play at will. How came the posterns  
So easily open?

*First Lord.* By his great authority;

40 spider, Note 12. 45 hefts = retching.

46 pander = agent in an evil design. 51 pinch'd, *i.e.*, abused, baffled,  
perhaps crippled (figuratively), as a half-killed bug.





*Leontes.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.  
Act II, Scene I, line 59.



Which often hath no less prevail'd than so  
On your command.

*Leontes.* I know 't too well. 55

Give me the boy.

*Hermione.* What is this? sport?

*Leontes.* Bear the boy hence; he shall not come  
about her;

Away with him!

I have said she's a traitor and Camillo is  
A federary with her, and one that knows 90  
What she should shame to know herself;  
And she's privy  
To this their late escape.

*Hermione.* No, by my life, 95

Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say  
You did mistake. 100

*Leontes.* Away with her! to prison!

He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

*Hermione.* There's some ill planet reigns: 105

I must be patient till the heavens look

90 federary = accomplice. 94 is privy to = has a secret knowledge of.

99 thoroughly = thoroughly, Note 5 (b). 104 afar off, etc. = guilty in  
some degree merely because he speaks for her.

105 planet: the  
stars were supposed to influence the lives of human beings.

With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have 110  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my  
lords,

With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

*Leontes.* Shall I be heard? 115

*Hermione.* Who is't that goes with me? Beseech  
your highness,

My women may be with me. Do not weep;  
There is no cause: when you shall know your  
mistress

Has deserved prison, then abound in tears 120

As I come out: this action I now go on

Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:

I never wish'd to see you sorry; now

I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

*Leontes.* Go, do our bidding; hence! 125

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*]

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, call the queen  
again.

110 pities, Note 6.      113 qualified = softened.

121 action = legal process: perhaps here, the accusation.

*Antigonus.* Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice

Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,

Yourself, your queen, your son.

*First Lord.* For her, my lord,  
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir, 130  
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless  
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,  
In this which you accuse her.

*Leontes.* Hold your peaces.

*First Lord.* Good my lord,—

*Antigonus.* It is for you we speak, not for ourselves: 140

You are abused and by some putter-on  
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain!

*Leontes.* What! lack I credit?

*First Lord.* I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,

Upon this ground; and more it would content me  
To have her honour true than your suspicion, 160  
Be blamed for 't how you might.

*Leontes.* Why, what need we  
Commune with you?

Yet, for a greater confirmation, 180

I have dispatch'd in post  
 To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,  
 Cleomenes and Dion; from the oracle 184  
 They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had, 185  
 Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?  
*First Lord.* Well done, my lord.  
*Leontes.* Though I am satisfied and need no more  
 Than what I know, yet shall the oracle 190  
 Give rest to the minds of others.  
 So have we thought it good  
 From our free person she should be confined,  
 Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence 195  
 Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;  
 We are to speak in public; for this business  
 Will raise us all.  
*Antigonus.* [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,  
 If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. *A prison.*

*Enter PAULINA, wife to ANTIGONUS, a Gentleman, and Attendants.*

*Paulina.* The keeper of the prison, call to him;  
 Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gentleman.*  
Good lady,  
 No court in Europe is too good for thee;  
 What dost thou then in prison?

*Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.*

Now, good sir,

You know me, do you not?

*Gaoler.* For a worthy lady 5

And one whom much I honour.

*Paulina.* Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

*Gaoler.* I may not, madam:

To the contrary I have express commandment.

*Paulina.* Here's ado,

To lock up honesty and honour from 10

The access of gentle visitors! Is't lawful, pray you,

To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

*Gaoler.* So please you, madam,

To put apart these your attendants, I

Shall bring Emilia forth.

*Paulina.* I pray now, call her. 15

Withdraw yourselves.

*[Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.]*

*Gaoler.* And, madam,

I must be present at your conference.

*Paulina.* Well, be't so, prithee. *[Exit Gaoler.]*

Here's such ado to make no stain a stain

As passes colouring.

*Re-enter Gaoler, with EMILIA, a lady attending on the Queen.*

Dear gentlewoman, 20

15 I shall bring Emilia forth, Note 3 (a). 20 As passes = that passes.

How fares our gracious lady?

*Emilia.* As well as one so great and so forlorn  
May hold together. The tender lady hath  
An infant daughter, and a goodly babe,  
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives  
Much comfort in 't; says 'My poor prisoner,  
I am innocent as you.'

26

*Paulina.*

I dare be sworn:

These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew  
them!

30

He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office  
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:  
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister.  
Pray you, Emilia,

35

Commend my best obedience to the queen:  
If she dares trust me with her little babe,  
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be  
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know  
How he may soften at the sight o' the child:  
The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails.

40

*Emilia.*

Most worthy madam,

Your honour and your goodness is so evident  
That your free undertaking cannot miss  
A thriving issue: there is no lady living

45

26 and a goodly babe = and it is, etc. 30 lunes = crazy freaks.

44 miss a thriving issue = fail to succeed.

So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship

To visit the next room, I'll presently  
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;  
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design  
But durst not tempt a minister of honour, 50  
Lest she should be denied.

*Paulina.* Tell her, Emilia,  
I'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't  
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted  
I shall do good.

*Emilia.* Now be you blest for it!  
I'll to the queen: please you, come something  
nearer. 55

*Gaoler.* Madam, if 't please the queen to send  
the babe,

I know not what I shall incur to pass it,  
Having no warrant.

*Paulina.* You need not fear it, sir:  
This child is not a party to 59  
The anger of the king nor guilty of, 61  
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

*Gaoler.* I do believe it.

*Paulina.* Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I  
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*]

46 errand, Note 14. 47 presently = immediately.

49 hammer'd = labored over, studied on.

SCENE III. *A room in LEONTES' palace.**Enter LEONTES, ANTIGONUS, Lords, and Servants.*

*Leontes.* Nor night nor day no rest: it is but  
weakness

To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If  
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,  
She;—for the king

Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank 5  
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest  
Might come to me again. Who 's there?

*First Servant.* My lord?

*Leontes.* How does the boy?

*First Servant.* He took good rest to-night; 10  
'T is hoped his sickness is discharged.

*Leontes.* To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself, 15  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,  
See how he fares. [*Exit Servant.*] Fie, fie! no thought  
of him:

5 blank = white center of the target.      6 level = range of shot: Le-  
ontes reflects that Polixenes is beyond his reach.      6 she = she whom,  
8 moiety = portion.      15 on 't = of it, Note 5 (c).      17 solely = alone,  
Note 3.      18 him, i.e., Polixenes.



The very thought of my revenges that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20  
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor 25  
Shall she within my power.

*Enter PAULINA, with a child.*

*First Lord.* You must not enter.

*Paulina.* Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to  
me:

Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.

*Antigonus.* That 's enough. 30

*Second Servant.* Madam, he hath not slept to-  
night; commanded  
None should come at him.

*Paulina.* Not so hot, good sir:

I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,  
That creep like shadows by him and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, such as you 35  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour

That presses him from sleep.

*Leontes.* What noise there, ho?

*Paulina.* No noise, my lord; but needful conference

40

About some gossips for your highness.

*Leontes.* How!

Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,  
I charged thee that she should not come about me:  
I knew she would.

*Antigonus.* I told her so, my lord,  
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,  
She should not visit you.

45

*Leontes.* What, canst not rule her?

*Paulina.* From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
Unless he take the course that you have done,  
He shall not rule me.

*Antigonus.* La you now, you hear: 50  
When she will take the rein I let her run;  
But she'll not stumble.

*Paulina.* Good my liege, I come  
From your good queen.

*Leontes.* Good queen!

*Paulina.* Good queen, my lord,  
Good queen; I say good queen;  
And would by combat make her good, so were I 60  
A man, the worst about you.

41 gossips = sponsors in baptism, Note 5 (d).

60 combat, Note 15.





*Paulina.* Here 't is; commends it to your blessings.

Act II, Scene III, line 66.

*Leontes.* Force her hence.

*Paulina.* Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes  
First hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;  
But first I'll do my errand. The good queen,  
For she is good, hath brought you forth a  
daughter;

65

Here 't is; commends it to your blessings.

[*Laying down the child.*]

*Leontes.* Out!

A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door!

*Paulina.* Not so:

I am as ignorant in that as you  
In so entitling me, and no less honest  
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,  
As this world goes, to pass for honest.

70

*Leontes.* Traitors!

Will you not push her out? Give her the child.  
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted  
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the creature;  
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

*Paulina.* For ever

Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou  
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness  
Which he has put upon 't!

*Leontes.* He dreads his wife.

63 hand = lay hands on. 67 mankind = mannish. 74 woman-tired =  
henpecked.

75 Partlet, a hen: primarily a woman's neck-ruff.

78 forced = unjust.

*Paulina.* So I would you did. 80

*Leontes.* A nest of traitors!

*Antigonus.* I am none, by this good light.

*Paulina.* Nor I, nor any  
But one that's here, and that's himself, for he 83  
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,  
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.

*Leontes.* A callat 90  
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband

And now baits me! This child is none of mine;  
Hence with it, and together with the dam  
Commit them to the fire!

*Paulina.* It is yours; 95

Behold, my lords,  
Although the print be little, the whole matter  
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,  
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley, 100

The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek,  
His smiles,  
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.

*Leontes.* A gross hag!

And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,

90 callat = scolding woman.

91 beat: probably pronounced the same as bait in Shakespeare's time.

100 valley, Note 16. 109 lozel = a good-for-nothing.

That wilt not stay her tongue.

*Antigonus.* Hang all the husbands 110

That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourself

Hardly one subject.

*Leontes.* Once more, take her hence.

*Paulina.* A most unworthy and unnatural lord

Can do no more.

*Leontes.* I'll ha' thee burnt.

*Paulina.* I care not:

It is an heretic that makes the fire, 115

Not she which burns in 't. I'll not call you tyrant;

But this most cruel usage of your queen,

Not able to produce more accusation

Than your own weak-hinged fancy, something sa-  
vours

Of tyranny and will ignoble make you, 120

Yea, scandalous to the world.

*Leontes.* On your allegiance,

Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,

If she did know me one. Away with her!

*Paulina.* I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone. 125

Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send  
her

A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?

116 she which burns, Note 3 (b). 118 Not able, Note 9.

127 hands, *i.e.*, of the lords who were putting her out.

You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,  
Will never do him good, not one of you.

So, so: farewell; we are gone. [Exit. 130

*Leontes.* Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.

My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast

A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence

And see it instantly consumed with fire;

Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight: 135

Within this hour bring me word 't is done,

And by good testimony, or I'll seize thy life,

With what thou else call'st thine.

Go, take it to the fire;

140

For thou set'st on thy wife.

*Antigonus.*

I did not, sir:

These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,

Can clear me in 't.

*Lords.*

We can: my royal liege,

He is not guilty of her coming hither.

145

*Leontes.* You're liars all.

*First Lord.* Beseech your highness, give us better  
credit:

We have always truly served you, and beseech you

So to esteem of us, and on our knees we beg,

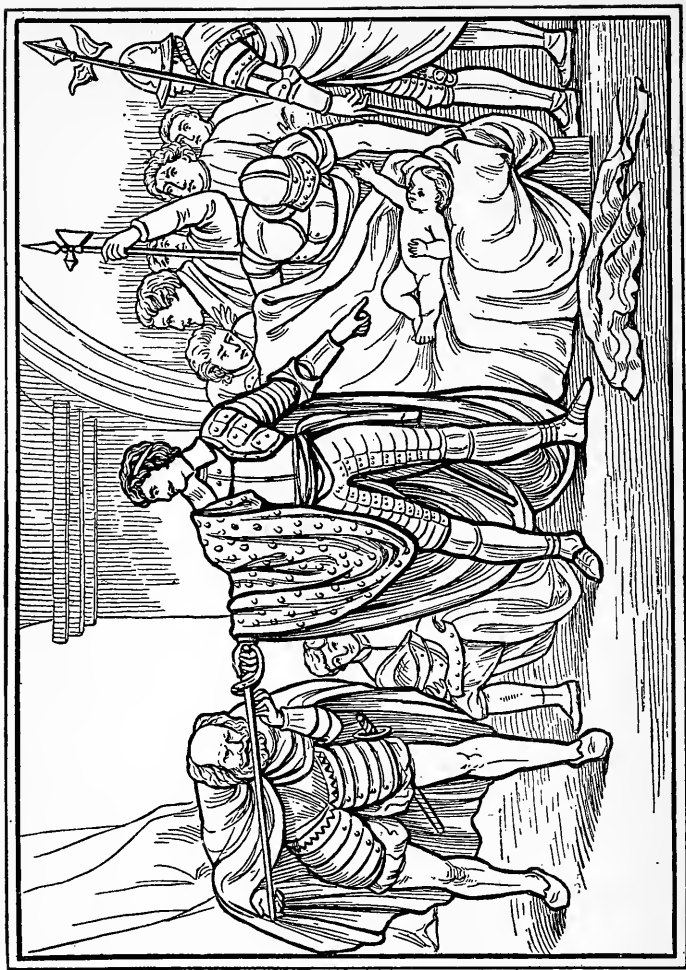
As recompense of our dear services

150

Past and to come, that you do change this pur-  
pose,







*Leontes.*

Swear by this sword  
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Act II, Scene III, line 163.

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must  
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

*Leontes.* I am a feather for each wind that blows:

Better burn it now. But be it; let it live. 157

It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;

You that have been so tenderly officious

With Lady Margery, your wife there, 160

What will you adventure

To save this babe's life?

*Antigonus.* Any thing, my lord,

That my ability may undergo

And nobleness impose: at least thus much: 165

I'll pawn the little blood which I have left

To save the innocent: any thing possible.

*Leontes.* It shall be possible. Swear by this sword

Thou wilt perform my bidding.

*Antigonus.* I will, my lord.

*Leontes.* Mark and perform it, see'st thou: for  
the fail 170

Of any point in 't shall not only be

Death to thyself but to thy loose-tongued wife,

Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,

As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry

This female infant hence and that thou bear it 175

To some remote and desert place quite out

Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,

Without more mercy, to it own protection  
 And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune  
 It came to us, I do in justice charge thee, 180  
 On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,  
 That thou commend it strangely to some place  
 Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.  
*Antigonus.* I swear to do this, though a present  
 death

Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe: 185  
 Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens  
 To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,  
 Casting their savageness aside have done  
 Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous  
 In more than this deed does require! And blessing 190  
 Against this cruelty fight on thy side,  
 Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* Please your highness, posts  
 From those you sent to the oracle are come  
 An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion, 195  
 Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,  
 Hasting to the court.

*First Lord.* So please you, sir, their speed  
 Hath been beyond account.

*Leontes.* Twenty-three days

178 it = its, Note 5 (b). 182 commend . . . place = take it to some  
 strange (foreign) place, Notes 3 and 7. 187 Wolves, Note 17.

190 require = deserve.

They have been absent: 't is good speed; foretells  
The great Apollo suddenly will have 200  
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;  
Summon a session, that we may arraign  
Our most disloyal lady, for, as she hath  
Been publicly accused, so shall she have  
A just and open trial. While she lives 205  
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,  
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III

### SCENE I. *A sea-port in Sicilia.*

*Enter CLEOMENES and DION, Lords of Sicilia.*

*Cleomenes.* The climate's delicate, the air most  
sweet,

Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing  
The common praise it bears.

*Dion.* I shall report,  
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,  
Methinks I so should term them, and the rever-  
ence

5

Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!  
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly  
It was i' the offering!

*Cleomenes.* But of all, the burst  
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,  
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense, 10  
That I was nothing!

*Dion.* If the event o' the journey  
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be't so!—  
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,  
The time is worth the use on't.

*Cleomenes.* Great Apollo  
Turn all to the best! These proclamations, 15  
So forcing faults upon Hermione,

2 isle, Note 13. 14 time is worth, etc. = the time has been well spent.

I little like.

*Dion.* The violent carriage of it  
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,  
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,  
Shall the contents discover, something rare 20  
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh  
horses!  
And gracious be the issue! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A court of Justice.*

*Enter LEONTES, Lords, and Officers.*

*Leontes.* This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,

Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried  
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one  
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd  
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly 5  
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course.  
Produce the prisoner.

*Officer.* It is his highness' pleasure that the queen  
Appear in person here in court. Silence! 10

*Enter HERMIONE guarded; PAULINA and Ladies attending.*

*Leontes.* Read the indictment.

*Officer.* [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy  
Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused

17 carriage = management.

20 Shall the contents discover = shall disclose its contents.

and arraigned of high treason, with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

*Hermione.* Since what I am to say must be but that

Which contradicts my accusation and  
The testimony on my part no other 25  
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot  
me

To say 'not guilty.' But if powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do, 30  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,  
Who least will seem to do so, my past life  
Hath been as true, 35

As I am now unhappy; which is more  
Than history can pattern. For behold me  
A fellow of the royal house, which owe  
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter, 40  
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing



To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore  
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare : for honour,  
'T is a derivative from me to mine, 45  
And only that I stand for. I appeal  
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes  
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,  
How merited to be: if one jot beyond 51  
The bound of honour, or in act or will  
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts  
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin  
Cry fie upon my grave!

*Leontes.* I ne'er heard yet 55  
That any of these bolder vices wanted  
Less impudence to gainsay what they did  
Than to perform it first.

*Hermione.* That 's true enough;  
Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

*Leontes.* You will not own it.

*Hermione.* More than mistress of 60  
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not  
At all acknowledge. Now, for conspiracy,  
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd  
For me to try how: all I know of it  
Is that Camillo was an honest man; 75

56 wanted less impudence, a kind of double negative : let wanted = had.

Note 4. 60 More than mistress, etc. = I must not acknowledge more faults than I have.

And why he left your court, the gods themselves,  
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

*Leontes.* You knew of his departure, as you know  
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

*Hermione.* Sir,

80

You speak a language that I understand not:  
My life stands in the level of your dreams,  
Which I 'll lay down.

*Leontes.* Your actions are my dreams.

So thou

90

Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage  
Look for no less than death.

*Hermione.*

Sir, spare your threats:

The bug which you would fright me with I seek.

To me can life be no commodity:

The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, 95

I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,

But know not how it went. My second joy,

From his presence

I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,

Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,

100

Haled out to murder: myself on every post

Proclaimed: with immodest hatred hurried

Here to this place, i' the open air. My liege,

106

Tell me what blessings I have here alive,

77 Wotting = knowing, *i.e.*, if they know. 91 passage, *i.e.*, the sentence.

93 bug = bugbear. 94 commodity = advantage.

100 Starred: see note on II, 1, 105. 102 Haled = dragged.

That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.  
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life, 110  
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,  
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd  
Upon surmises, I tell you  
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all, 115  
I do refer me to the oracle:  
Apollo be my judge!

*First Lord.* This your request  
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,  
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain Officers.*]

*Hermione.* The Emperor of Russia was my father: 120  
O that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge!

*Re-enter Officers, with CLEOMENES and DION.*

*Officer.* You here shall swear upon this sword of  
justice, 125  
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have  
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have  
brought  
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd  
Of great Apollo's priest and that since then  
You have not dared to break the holy seal 130

115 rigour = violence.

Nor read the secrets in 't.

*Cleomenes and Dion.* All this we swear.

*Leontes.* Break up the seals and read.

*Officer.* [*Reads*] Hermione is innocent; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found. 135

*Lords.* Now blessed be the great Apollo!

*Hermione.* Praised!

*Leontes.* Hast thou read truth?

*Officer.* Ay, my lord; even so

As it is here set down. 140

*Leontes.* There is no truth at all i' the oracle:  
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* My lord the king, the king!

*Leontes.* What is the business?

*Servant.* O sir, I shall be hated to report it!

The prince your son is gone.

*Leontes.* How! gone!

*Servant.* Is dead. 146

*Leontes.* Apollo's angry; and the heavens themselves

Do strike at my injustice. [*HERMIONE swoons.*] How  
now there!

*Paulina.* This news is mortal to the queen: look  
down

And see what death is doing.

*Leontes.* Take her hence: 150

Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:

I have too much believed mine own suspicion:

Beseech you, tenderly apply to her

Some remedies for life.

[*Exeunt PAULINA and Ladies, with HERMIONE.*

Apollo, pardon

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle! 155

I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,

New woo my queen, recall the good Camillo,

Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;

For, being transported by my jealousies

To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose 160

Camillo for the minister to poison

My friend Polixenes: which had been done,

But that the good mind of Camillo tardied

My swift command: he, most humane 166

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which you knew great, and to the hazard

Of all incertainties himself commended, 170

No richer than his honour: how he glisters

Thorough my rust! and how his piety

Does my deeds make the blacker!

168 Unclasp'd my practice = revealed my plot.

171 No richer than his honour = with no riches except his honor.

*Re-enter PAULINA.**Paulina.* Woe the while!

O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,  
Break too!

*First Lord.* What fit is this, good lady? 175

*Paulina.* O lords,  
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the  
queen, 201  
The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead, and ven-  
geance for't  
Not dropp'd down yet.

*First Lord.* The higher powers forbid!*Paulina.* I say she's dead; I'll swear't. If word  
nor oath

Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring 205  
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,  
Heat outwardly or breath within, I'll serve you  
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!  
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier  
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee 210  
To nothing but despair.

*Leontes.* Go on, go on: 215

Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved  
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

*First Lord.* Say no more:  
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault

206 Tincture, etc. = color in her lip or luster in her eye, Note 7 (a).

I' the boldness of your speech.

*Paulina.*

I am sorry for 't:

All faults I make, when I shall come to know  
them,

220

I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much  
The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd  
To the noble heart. What's gone and what's past  
help

Should be past grief: do not receive affliction

At my petition; I beseech you, rather

225

Let me be punish'd, that have minded you  
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,  
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:

The love I bore your queen—lo, fool again!—

I'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;

230

I'll not remember you of my own lord,

Who is lost too: take your patience to you,

And I'll say nothing.

*Leontes.*

Thou didst speak but well

When most the truth; which I receive much bet-  
ter

Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me

235

To the dead bodies of my queen and son:

One grave shall be for both: upon them shall

The causes of their death appear, unto

Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit

The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there

240

Shall be my recreation: so long as nature  
 Will bear up with this exercise, so long  
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me  
 Unto these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.*

*Enter ANTIGONUS with a child, and a Mariner.*

*Antigonus.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath  
 touch'd upon

The deserts of Bohemia?

*Mariner.* Ay, my lord; and fear  
 We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly  
 And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,  
 The heavens with that we have in hand are angry <sup>5</sup>  
 And frown upon 's.

*Antigonus.* Their sacred wills be done! Go, get  
 aboard;

Look to thy bark: I'll not be long before  
 I call upon thee.

*Mariner.* Make your best haste, and go not 10  
 Too far i' the land: 't is like to be loud weather;  
 Besides, this place is famous for the creatures  
 Of prey that keep upon 't.

*Antigonus.* Go thou away:  
 I'll follow instantly.

243 daily vow to use, Note 7.    1 perfect = certain.

2 Bohemia, Note 13.



*Mariner.* I am glad at heart  
To be so rid o' the business. [Exit.

*Antigonus.* Come, poor babe: 15  
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the  
dead

May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother  
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream  
So like a waking. To me comes a creature  
In pure white robes;  
Like very sanctity, she did approach  
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd and anon 24  
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,  
Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out  
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath, 30  
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,  
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,  
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see 35  
'Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,  
She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
I did in time collect myself and thought  
This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys:  
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, 40  
I will be squared by this. I do believe

Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
 Apollo would the babe should here be laid,  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth. 45

Blossom, speed thee well!

There lie, and there thy character: there these;  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee,  
 pretty,

And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus exposed 50

To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!

The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to  
 have

A lullaby too rough: I never saw 55

The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!

Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:

I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

*Enter a Shepherd.*

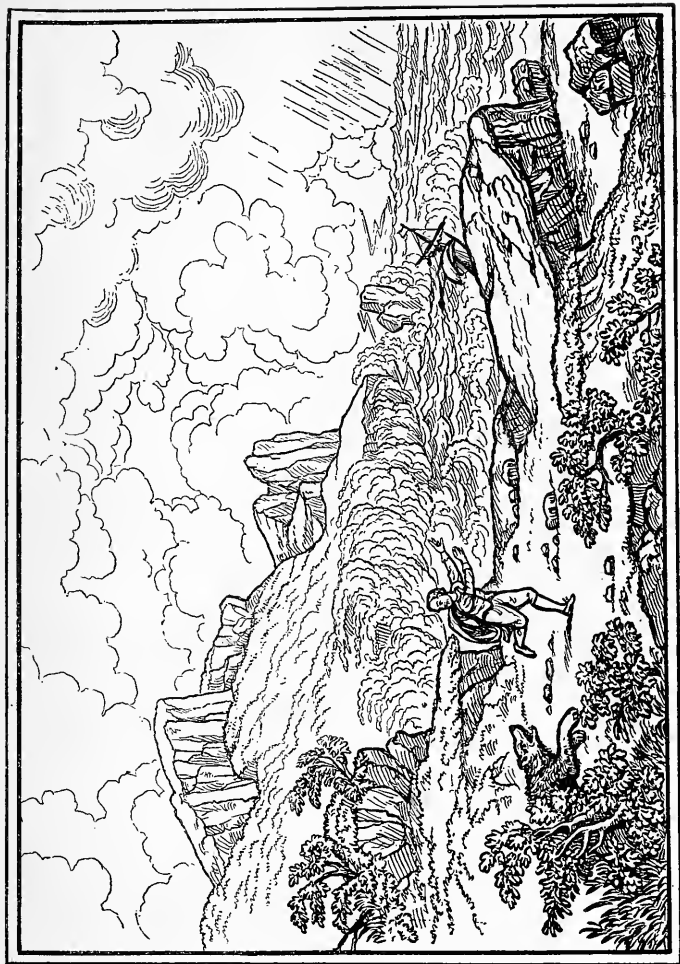
*Shepherd.* I would there were no age between six-  
 teen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would 60  
 sleep out the rest; for there is nothing in the be-  
 tween but wronging the ancientry, stealing, fight- 63  
 ing—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled

47 character = a written scroll giving the child's name and age.

47 these, coins and jewels. 48 breed = offer support for.

63 ancientry = people of old (noble) families.

64 boiled brains = hot-headed fellows.



*Antigonus.*

This is the chase:

I am gone for ever.

Act III, Scene III, line 57.



brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this <sup>65</sup>  
weather? They have scared away two of my best  
sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than  
the master: if any where I have them, 't is by the  
sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy  
will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; a <sup>70</sup>  
very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder?  
A pretty one; a very pretty one: I 'll take it up  
for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hal-  
looded but even now. Whoa, ho, ho!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* Hilloa, loa! 80

*Shepherd.* What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a  
thing to talk on when thou art dead, come hither.  
What ailest thou, man?

*Clown.* I have seen two such sights, by sea and  
by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is <sup>85</sup>  
now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you  
cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

*Shepherd.* Why, boy, how is it?

*Clown.* I would you did but see how it chafes,  
how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's <sup>90</sup>  
not to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the  
poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see  
'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-  
mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as

<sup>69</sup> an 't be thy will = if it be thy will. <sup>70</sup> barne = child.

<sup>71</sup> child = girl. <sup>94</sup> yest = foam.

you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then <sup>95</sup>  
for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out  
his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help  
and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman.  
But to make an end of the ship, to see how the  
sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor <sup>100</sup>  
souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how  
the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked  
him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

*Shepherd.* Name of mercy, when was this, boy? <sup>105</sup>

*Clown.* Now, now: I have not winked since I saw  
these sights: the men are not yet cold under  
water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman:  
he's at it now.

*Shepherd.* Would I had been by, to have helped <sup>110</sup>  
the old man!

*Clown.* I would you had been by the ship's side,  
to have helped her: there your charity would have  
lacked footing.

*Shepherd.* Heavy matters! heavy matters! but <sup>115</sup>  
look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself: thou met-  
test with things dying, I with things new-born.  
Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth  
for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take

<sup>96</sup> land-service: the metaphor is that of a battle fought by land and  
naval forces at the same time.      <sup>100</sup> flap-dragon'd = swallowed whole,

Note 18.      <sup>118</sup> bearing-cloth = the wrapping in which a child was  
carried to church for baptism.

up, boy; open 't. So, let's see: it was told me I <sup>120</sup>  
should be rich by the fairies. This is some change-  
ling: open 't. What's within, boy?

*Clown.* You're a made old man: if the sins of  
your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. <sup>125</sup>  
Gold! all gold!

*Shepherd.* This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will prove  
so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next  
way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still re-  
quires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go: <sup>130</sup>  
come, good boy, the next way home.

*Clown.* Go you the next way with your findings.  
I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentle-  
man and how much he hath eaten: they are  
never curst but when they are hungry: if there <sup>135</sup>  
be any of him left, I'll bury it.

*Shepherd.* That's a good deed. If thou mayest dis-  
cern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch  
me to the sight of him.

*Clown.* Marry, will I; and you shall help to put <sup>140</sup>  
him i' the ground.

*Shepherd.* 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do  
good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

135 curst = malicious.

140 Marry = indeed.

## ACT IV

### SCENE I

[This Scene is omitted.]

*A lapse of sixteen years.*

### SCENE II. *Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.*

*Enter POLIXENES and CAMILLO.*

*Polixenes.* I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

*Camillo.* It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired <sup>5</sup> abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me.

*Polixenes.* As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not <sup>11</sup> out the rest of thy services by leaving me now: the need I have of thee thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses which <sup>15</sup> none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself or take away with thee the very services thou hast done. Of <sup>19</sup> that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, <sup>25</sup>

4 fifteen : an accident for sixteen.    5 been aired = breathed : *i.e.*, lived.



and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of <sup>26</sup>  
his most precious queen and children are even  
now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when  
sawest thou the Prince Florizel, my son?

*Camillo.* Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. <sup>32</sup>  
What his happier affairs may be, are to me un-  
known: he is of late much retired from court.

*Polixenes.* I have considered so much, *Camillo*,  
and with some care; so far that I have eyes un- <sup>40</sup>  
der my service which look upon his removedness;  
from whom I have this intelligence, that he is  
seldom from the house of a most homely shep-  
herd; a man, they say, that from very nothing,  
and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is <sup>45</sup>  
grown into an unspeakable estate.

*Camillo.* I have heard, sir, of such a man, who  
hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of  
her is extended more than can be thought to be-  
gin from such a cottage. 50

*Polixenes.* That's likewise part of my intelligence;  
but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither.  
Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we  
will have some question with the shepherd; from <sup>55</sup>  
whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the  
cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my

<sup>39</sup> considered . . . with care = noticed . . . with anxiety. <sup>40</sup> eyes,  
*i.e.*, spies. <sup>41</sup> his removedness, *i.e.*, him at a distance. <sup>52</sup> the angle,  
etc. = she is the bait (attraction), etc. <sup>56</sup> uneasy = difficult.

present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

*Camillo.* I willingly obey your command. 60

*Polixenes.* My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *A road near the Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, a rogue, singing.*

When daffodils begin to peer,  
 With heigh! the doxy over the dale,  
 Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;  
 For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge, 5  
 With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;  
 For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,  
 With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay, 10  
 Are summer songs for me and my aunts,  
 While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time  
 wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

1 peer = appear, Note 19.      2 doxy = sweetheart.      4 pale = limit.

7 pugging = thieving; as we say sweet-tooth.

14 three-pile = rich velvet.

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear? 15

The pale moon shines by night:  
And when I wander here and there,  
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,  
And bear the sow-skin budget, 20  
Then my account I well may give,  
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to  
lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;  
who was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered 26  
trifles. My revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and  
knock are too powerful on the highway: beating  
and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to 30  
come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a  
prize!

*Enter Clown.*

*Clown.* Let me see: every 'leven wether tods;  
every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen  
hundred shorn, what comes the wool to? 35

*Autolycus.* [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock's  
mine.

*Clown.* I cannot do 't without counters. Let me  
see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing

20 sow-skin budget = pedlar's pack. 23 My traffic, Note 20.

26 unconsidered = unwatched. 33 every 'leven, etc. = every eleven  
sheep yields a tod (twenty-eight pounds of wool).

feast? Three pound of sugar, five pound of cur- 40  
rants, rice, — what will this sister of mine do with  
rice? But my father hath made her mistress of  
the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me  
four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-  
man-song-men all, and very good ones; but they 45  
are most of them means and bases; but one puri-  
tan amongst them, and he sings psalms to horn-  
pipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden  
pies; mace; dates? — none, that 's out of my note;  
nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that 50  
I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many  
of raisins o' the sun.

*Autolycus.* O that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*]

*Clown.* I' the name of me—

*Autolycus.* O, help me, help me! pluck but off 55  
these rags; and then, death, death!

*Clown.* Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of  
more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these  
off.

*Autolycus.* O sir, the loathsomeness of them of-  
fends me more than the stripes I have received, 60  
which are mighty ones and millions.

45 three-man-song-men = singers of three-part songs, — treble, mean (tenor), and bass. 47 horn-pipes = dance-tunes. 48 warden = a large, hard pear. 49 note = list of things: here in memory. 50 race = root. 52 raisins o' the sun = raisins.

*Clown.* Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

*Autolycus.* I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these de- 65 testable things put upon me.

*Clown.* What, by a horseman, or a footman?

*Autolycus.* A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

*Clown.* Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's 70 coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

*Autolycus.* O, good sir, tenderly, O!

*Clown.* Alas, poor soul! 75

*Autolycus.* O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

*Clown.* How now! canst stand?

*Autolycus.* [*Picking his pocket*] Softly, dear sir; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office. 80

*Clown.* Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

*Autolycus.* No, good sweet sir; no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three-quarters of 85 a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

*Clown.* What manner of fellow was he that robbed you? 90

*Autolycus.* A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

*Clown.* His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there.

99

*Autolycus.* Vices, I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

*Clown.* Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

*Autolycus.* Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

111

*Clown.* Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he 'ld have run.

*Autolycus.* I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

92 troll-my-dames = a game resembling bagatelle.

102 compassed a motion = obtained a puppet-show.

108 prig = thief.

*Clown.* How do you now?

*Autolycus.* Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave <sup>120</sup> of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

*Clown.* Shall I bring thee on the way?

*Autolycus.* No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

*Clown.* Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing. 125

*Autolycus.* Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*]  
Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled <sup>130</sup> and my name put in the book of virtue!

[*Sings*] Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,

And merrily hent the stile-a;

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.* 135

#### SCENE IV. *The Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Florizel.* These your unusual weeds to each part  
of you

Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora

Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing

<sup>130</sup> unrolled, *i.e.*, from the list of thieves.

<sup>133</sup> hent = take, *i.e.*, leap over.      1 weeds = garments.

Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on 't.

*Perdita.* Sir, my gracious lord, 5  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:  
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts 10  
In every mess have folly and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired.

*Florizel.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across 15  
Thy father's ground.

*Perdita.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates! 20  
How would he look? What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold 23  
The sternness of his presence?

*Florizel.* Apprehend.  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, 25

6 extremes = fanciful extravagance in dress and conduct.

9 wearing = dress. 11 mess = tableful of people.

12 with a custom = from habit. 17 difference, *i.e.*, in rank.

23 flaunts = fineries.



Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, 30  
As I seem now. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer.

*Perdita.* Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is 36  
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

*Florizel.* Thou dearest Perdita, 40  
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. To this I am most constant, 45  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which 50  
We two have sworn shall come. Your guests approach:  
proach:

Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS (Shepherdesses),  
and others, with POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised.*

*Shepherd.* Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived,  
upon 55

27 Jupiter, Note 21.

41 forced = exaggerated, anxious.

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,  
 Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;  
 Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,  
 At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;  
 On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire 60  
 With labour, and the thing she took to quench it  
 She would to each one sip. You are retired,  
 As if you were a feasted one and not  
 The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
 These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is 65  
 A way to make us better friends, more known.  
 Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,  
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
 As your good flock shall prosper.

*Perdita.* [To POLIXENES] Sir, welcome: 70

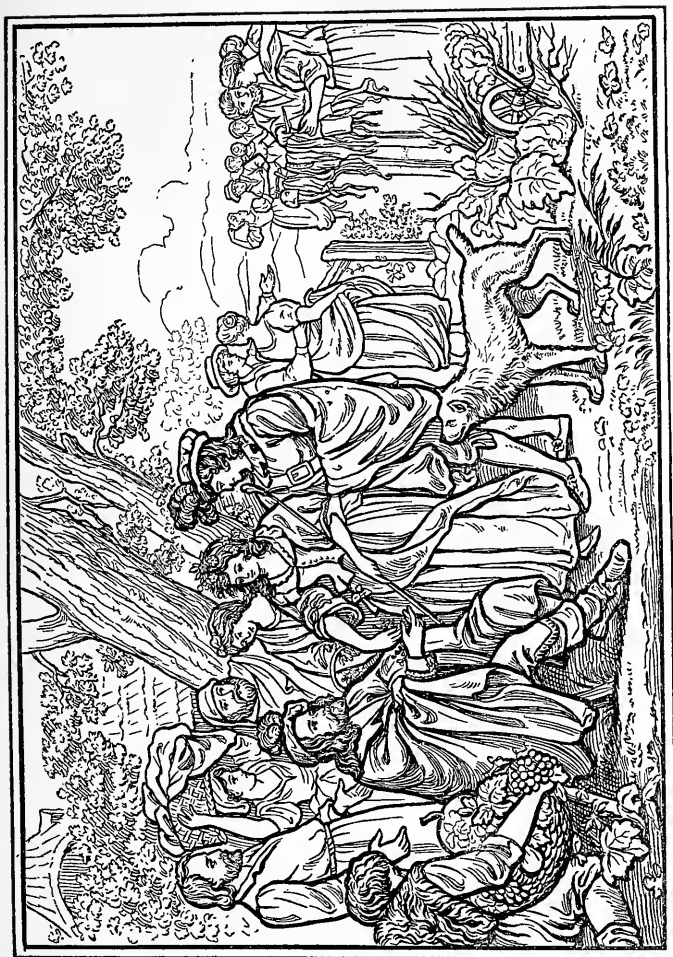
It is my father's will I should take on me  
 The hostess-ship o' the day. [To CAMILLO] You're  
 welcome, sir.

Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend  
 sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
 Seeming and savour all the winter long: 75  
 Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
 And welcome to our shearing!

60 shoulder, etc., *i.e.*, as she waited on the guests at table.

74 rosemary and rue: symbols of grace and remembrance.



*Perdita.* For you there's rosemary and rue.

Act IV, Scene IV, line 74.



*Polixenes.* Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Perdita.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth 80  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers, o' the  
season

Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind  
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not  
To get slips of them.

*Polixenes.* Wherefore, gentle maiden, 85  
Do you neglect them?

*Perdita.* For I have heard it said  
There is an art which in their piedness shares  
With great creating nature.

*Polixenes.* Say there be;  
Yet nature is made better by no mean  
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art 90  
Which you say adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes.

*Perdita.* So it is.

*Polixenes.* Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,  
And do not call them bastards.

*Perdita.* I'll not put  
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them; 100

82 gillyvors, Note 22.

83 bastards = spurious things, imitations.

No more than were I painted I would wish  
This youth should say 't were well.

Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;

The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun 105

And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

*Camillo*. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Perdita*.

Out, alas!

110

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through. Now, my  
fair'st friend,

I would I had some flowers o' the spring that  
might

Become your time of day; and yours, and yours:  
O Proserpina,

116

For the flowers now, that frightened thou let'st fall  
From Dis's wagon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty; violets dim, 120

But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,

That die unmarried, ere they can behold

Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady

Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and 125  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Florizel.* What, like a corse?

*Perdita.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on; 130  
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,  
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your  
flowers:

Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Florizel.* What you do 135

Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,  
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,  
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you 140  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
And own no other function: each your doing,  
So singular in each particular,  
Crowns what you are doing in the present deed, 145  
That all your acts are queens.

129 corse = corpse : in Shakespeare's time either a living ("quick") or  
dead body. 134 Whitsun, Note 24. 136 betters what is done,

Note 25.

*Perdita.* O Doricles,

Your praises are too large.

*Florizel.* Our dance, I pray: 153

Your hand, my *Perdita*: so turtles pair,

That never mean to part.

*Perdita.* I'll swear for 'em. 155

*Polixenes.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that  
ever

Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems  
But smacks of something greater than herself,  
Too noble for this place.

*Camillo.* He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is 160  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Clown.* Come on, strike up!

*Dorcas.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry,  
garlic,

To mend her kissing with!

*Mopsa.* Now, in good time!

*Clown.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our  
manners.

Come, strike up! 165

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

*Polixenes.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain  
is this

154 turtles = turtle-doves. 160 good sooth = in truth.

162 garlic, etc., *i.e.*, let her eat garlic.





*Florizel.*

Our dance, I pray :  
Your hand, my Perdita.

Act IV, Scene IV, line 153.



Which dances with your daughter?

*Shepherd.* They call him Doricles; and boasts himself

To have a worthy feeding: but I have it  
Upon his own report and I believe it; 170  
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:  
I think so too; for never gazed the moon  
Upon the water as he 'll stand and read  
As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,  
I think there is not half a kiss to choose 175  
Who loves another best.

*Polixenes.* She dances featly.

*Shepherd.* So she does any thing; though I report it,  
That should be silent: if young Doricles  
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that  
Which he not dreams of. 180

*Enter Servant.*

*Servant.* O master, if you did but hear the pedlar  
at the door, you would never dance again after a  
tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move  
you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell  
money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads 185  
and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

*Clown.* He could never come better; he shall come  
in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dole-

169 worthy feeding = valuable pasture-land. 169 but = merely, Note 7.

176 another = the other; featly = neatly.

ful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably. 190

*Servant.* He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings. 195

*Polixenes.* This is a brave fellow.

*Clown.* Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

*Servant.* He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the 205 rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a 210 she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

*Clown.* Prithee bring him in; and let him approach singing. [Exit Servant.

*Enter AUTOLYCUS, singing.*

Lawn as white as driven snow; 220

Cyprus black as e'er was crow;

Gloves as sweet as damask roses;

Masks for faces and for noses;

195 dildos and fadings, Note 19. 202 brave = fine. 204 unbraided: the clown's blunder for embroidered. 206 points = laces woven in points.

208 inkles = cheap tapes; caddisses = worsted ribbons. 211 sleeve-hand = cuff. 212 square = front or bosom. 221 Cyprus = crape.

Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,  
Perfume for a lady's chamber; 225  
Golden quoifs and stomachers,  
For my lads to give their dears:  
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,  
What maids lack from head to heel:  
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy; 230  
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:  
Come buy.

*Clown.* If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of 235 certain ribbons and gloves.

*Mopsa.* I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now. Come, you promised 252 me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

*Clown.* Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money? 255

*Autolycus.* And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

*Clown.* Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

*Autolycus.* I hope so, sir; for I have about me 260 many parcels of charge.

224 Bugle = an elongated bead.  
stiffened fronts for ladies' bodices.

226 quoifs = caps; stomachers =  
228 poking-sticks = rods for

fluting ruffs. 253 tawdry-lace = necklace; from St. Audrey, on whose day a fair was held. 261 charge = value.

*Clown.* What hast here? ballads?

*Mopsa.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

*Autolycus.* Here's one to a very doleful tune, 265  
how a usurer's wife longed to eat adders' heads  
and toads carbonadoed.

*Mopsa.* Is it true, think you?

*Autolycus.* Very true, and but a month old. 270

*Dorcas.* Bless me from marrying a usurer!

*Autolycus.* Here's the name to't, one Mistress  
Tale-porter. Why should I carry lies abroad? 275

*Mopsa.* Pray you now, buy it.

*Clown.* Come on, lay it by: and let's first see  
more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

*Autolycus.* Here's another ballad of a fish, that  
appeared upon the coast on Wednesday the four- 280  
score of April, forty thousand fathom above wa-  
ter, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts  
of maids: it was thought she was a woman and  
was turned into a cold fish: the ballad is very piti- 285  
ful and as true.

*Dorcas.* Is it true too, think you?

*Autolycus.* Five justices' hands at it, and wit-  
nesses more than my pack will hold.

*Clown.* Lay it by too: another. 290

262 ballads, Note 26.      264 o' life = on my life: a mild oath.

268 carbonadoed = broiled.

*Autolycus.* This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

*Mopsa.* Let's have some merry ones.

*Autolycus.* Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:'<sup>295</sup> there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 't is in request, I can tell you.

*Mopsa.* We can both sing it: if thou'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 't is in three parts.

*Dorcas.* We had the tune on 't a month ago. 300

*Autolycus.* I can bear my part; you must know 't is my occupation; have at it with you.

*Song.*

*A.* Get you hence, for I must go  
Where it fits not you to know.

*D.* Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither? 305

*M.* It becomes thy oath full well,  
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

*D.* Me too, let me go thither.

*M.* Or thou goest to the grange or mill.

*D.* If to either, thou dost ill. 310

*A.* Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.

*D.* Thou hast sworn my love to be.

*M.* Thou hast sworn it more to me:

Then whither goest? say, whither?

*Clown.* We'll have this song out anon by our- 315

<sup>294</sup> passing = surpassingly, exceedingly.      <sup>302</sup> have at it = begin it.

selves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [Exit with DORCAS and MOPSA. 320]

*Autolycus.* And you shall pay well for 'em.

*[Follows singing.]*

Will you buy any tape,  
Or lace for your cape,  
My dainty duck, my dear-a?  
Any silk, any thread,  
Any toys for your head,  
Of the new'st and finest, finest wear-a?  
Come to the pedlar;  
Money's a medler,  
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [Exit. 330]

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Servant.* Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that 335

316 sad = serious. 318 Wenches = girls. 329 medler . . . utter = money mixes things, causing property to pass from one person to another.

334 Saltiers, the servant's blunder for Satyrs, Note 27.

335 gallimaufry = confused mixture.



know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

*Shepherd.* Away! we'll none on't: here has been <sup>340</sup>  
too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we  
weary you.

*Polixenes.* You weary those that refresh us: pray,  
let's see these four threes of herdsmen.

*Servant.* One three of them, by their own report, <sup>345</sup>  
sir, hath danced before the king; and not the  
worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a  
half by the squier.

*Shepherd.* Leave your prating: since these good  
men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly <sup>350</sup>  
now.

*Servant.* Why, they stay at door, sir. [Exit.

*Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.*

*Polixenes.* O, father, you'll know more of that  
hereafter.

[To CAMILLO] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to  
part them.

He's simple and tells much. [To FLORIZEL] How  
now, fair shepherd! 355

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was  
young

And handed love as you do, I was wont

348 squier = square, measure.      353 O, father, etc. : a reply to some-  
thing the shepherd has been saying.      358 handed = was engaged in.

To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd

The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it 360  
To her acceptance; you have let him go  
And nothing marted with him. If your lass  
Interpretation should abuse and call this  
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited  
For a reply, at least if you make a care 365  
Of happy holding her.

*Florizel.* Old sir, I know  
She prizes not such trifles as these are:  
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd  
Up in my heart; which I have given already,  
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life 370  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's  
bolted

By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Polixenes.* What follows this? 375  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Florizel.* Do, and be witness to 't.

*Polixenes.* And this my neighbour too?

*Florizel.* And he, and more 380

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:  
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof, most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and know-  
ledge

More than was ever man's, I would not prize  
them

385

Without her love; for her employ them all.

*Camillo.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shepherd.* But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

*Perdita.* I cannot speak 390

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shepherd.* Take hands, a bargain!

And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

395

*Florizel.* O, that must be

I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shepherd.* Come, your hand; 400

And, daughter, yours.

*Polixenes.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*Florizel.* I have: but what of him?

*Polixenes.* Knows he of this?

*Florizel.* He neither does nor shall.

*Polixenes.* Methinks a father  
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest 405  
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? can he speak?  
hear?

Know man from man? dispute his own estate? 410  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

*Florizel.* No, good sir;  
He has his health and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

*Polixenes.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong 415  
Something unfilial: the father should hold some  
counsel

In such a business.

*Florizel.* I yield all this; 420

But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Polixenes.* Let him know 't.

*Florizel.* He shall not.

*Polixenes.* Prithee, let him.

*Florizel.* No, he must not.

*Shepherd.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to  
grieve

425

At knowing of thy choice.

*Florizel.* Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

*Polixenes.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[*Discovering himself.*

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor, 430  
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can  
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh  
piece

Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou copest with,—

*Shepherd.* O, my heart!

*Polixenes.* I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with  
briers, and made

435

427 divorce = separation. 433 of force = without doubt.

434 copest with = meetest.

More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
 If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
 That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never  
 I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;  
 Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin; 440  
 Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,  
 Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee  
 From the dead blow of it. And you, enchant-  
 ment, —

Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too, 445  
 That makes himself, but for our honour therein,  
 Unworthy thee, — if ever henceforth thou  
 These rural latches to his entrance open,  
 Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
 I will devise a death as cruel for thee 450  
 As thou art tender to't. [Exit.

*Perdita.* Even here undone!  
 I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
 I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
 The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage but 455  
 Looks on alike. Will't please you, sir, be gone?  
 I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
 Of your own state take care: this dream of mine, —  
 Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,

438 knack = pretty trifle, *i.e.*, *Perdita*. 452 afeard, Note 5 (*b*).

456 Looks on alike = overlooks the world impartially.

But milk my ewes and weep.

*Camillo.* Why, how now, father! 460

Speak ere thou diest.

*Shepherd.* I cannot speak, nor think,  
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died, 465

To lie close by his honest bones: but now  
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me  
Where no priest shovels in dust. Undone! undone! 470  
If I might die within this hour, I have lived  
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*]

*Florizel.* Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am.

*Camillo.* Gracious my lord, 476

You know your father's temper: at this time  
He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly  
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear: 480  
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
Come not before him.

*Florizel.* I not purpose it.

I think, *Camillo*?

*Camillo.* Even he, my lord.

*Perdita.* How often have I told you 't would be thus!

How often said, my dignity would last 485

But till 't were known!

*Florizel.* It cannot fail but by

The violation of my faith; and then

Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together

And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:

From my succession wipe me, father; I 490

Am heir to my affection.

*Camillo.* Be advised.

*Florizel.* I am, and by my fancy: if my reason

Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;

If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,

Do bid it welcome.

*Camillo.* This is desperate, sir. 495

*Florizel.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;

I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or

The close earth holds or the profound seas hide 500

In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath

To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,

As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,

When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not

To see him any more,—cast your good counsels 505



Upon his passion: let myself and fortune  
Tug for the time to come. This you may know  
And so deliver: I am put to sea  
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;  
And most oppórtune to our need I have 510  
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared  
For this design. What course I mean to hold  
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge.

*Camillo.* O my lord!

I would your spirit were easier for advice, 515  
Or stronger for your need.

*Florizel.* Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*

I'll hear you by and by.

*Camillo.* He's irremoveable,  
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if  
His going I could frame to serve my turn,  
Save him from danger, do him love and honour, 520  
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia  
And that unhappy king, my master, whom  
I so much thirst to see.

*Florizel.* Now, good Camillo;  
I am so fraught with curious business that  
I leave out ceremony.

*Camillo.* Sir, I think 525  
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love  
That I have borne your father?

*Florizel.*

Very nobly  
 Have you deserved: it is my father's music  
 To speak your deeds, not little of his care  
 To have them recompensed as thought on.

*Camillo.*

Well, my lord, 530  
 If you may please to think I love the king  
 And through him what is nearest to him, which is  
 Your gracious self, embrace but my direction:  
 I'll point you where you shall have such receiving 536  
 As shall become your highness; where you may  
 Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,  
 There's no disjunction to be made; marry her,  
 And, with my best endeavours in your absence, 541  
 Your discontenting father strive to qualify  
 And bring him up to liking.

*Florizel.*

How, Camillo,  
 May this, almost a miracle, be done?  
 That I may call thee something more than man 545  
 And after that trust to thee.

*Camillo.*

Have you thought on  
 A place whereto you'll go?

*Florizel.*

Not any yet:  
 But as the unthought-on accident is guilty  
 To what we wildly do, so we profess  
 Ourselves to be the slaves of chance and flies 550

530 as thought on = as thought of; *i.e.*, according to their value.

533 embrace, etc. = only follow my advice.

542 discontenting = discontented, Note 3 (*b*). 548 guilty to, Note 5 (*c*).

Of every wind that blows.

*Camillo.* Then list to me:

This follows, if you will not change your purpose

But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,

And there present yourself and your fair princess,

For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes: 555

She shall be habited as it becomes

The partner of your life. Methinks I see

Leontes opening his free arms and weeping

His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,

As 't were i' the father's person. 560

*Florizel.* Worthy Camillo,

What colour for my visitation shall I 565

Hold up before him?

*Camillo.* Sent by the king your father

To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,

The manner of your bearing towards him, with

What you as from your father shall deliver,

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you

down: 570

The which shall point you forth at every sitting,

What you must say.

*Florizel.* I am bound to you:

There is some sap in this.

*Camillo.* A cause more promising 575

Than a wild dedication of yourselves

To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain

To miseries enough; besides you know  
Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Perdita.* One of these is true:

585

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Camillo.* Yea, say you so?

There shall not at your father's house these seven  
years

Be born another such.

*Florizel.* My good Camillo,

She is as forward of her breeding as  
She is i' the rear our birth.

590

*Camillo.* I cannot say 't is pity  
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress  
To most that teach.

*Perdita.* Your pardon, sir; for this  
I'll blush you thanks.

*Florizel.* My prettiest Perdita!

But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,  
Preserver of my father, now of me,  
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?  
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,  
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

595

*Camillo.* My lord,

Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes 600  
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care  
To have you royally appointed as if  
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,  
That you may know you shall not want, one word.

[*They talk aside.*

*Re-enter AUTOLYCUS.*

*Autolycus.* Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and 605  
Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: 610  
they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but 615  
something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me that all their other senses stuck in ears: I could have filed 620  
keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feel-

608 pomander = a ball of perfume for the pocket. 609 table-book = tablets for memoranda. 612 hallowed, *i.e.*, by the Pope's blessing.

614 best in picture = looked best. 618 pettitoes = pigs' feet; used in ridicule.

ing, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked 625 and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army. 630

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, and PERDITA come forward.]

*Camillo.* Nay, but my letters, by this means being there

So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

*Florizel.* And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

*Camillo.* Shall satisfy your father.

*Perdita.*

Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

*Camillo.*

Who have we here? 635

[Seeing AUTOLYCUS.]

We 'll make an instrument of this, omit

Nothing may give us aid.

*Autolycus.* If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

*Camillo.* How now, good fellow! why shakest thou 640 so? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

*Autolycus.* I am a poor fellow, sir.

*Camillo.* Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty 645 we must make an exchange; therefore discease thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot. 650

*Autolycus.* I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

*Camillo.* Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

*Autolycus.* Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell 655 the trick on 't.

*Florizel.* Dispatch, I prithee.

*Autolycus.* Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

*Camillo.* Unbuckle, unbuckle. 660

[FLORIZEL and AUTOLYCUS exchange garments.]

Fortunate mistress, you must retire yourself  
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat  
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,  
Dismantle you, and, as you can, dislikens 665  
The truth of your own seeming.

*Perdita.* The play so lies  
That I must bear a part.

646 discease = undress. 650 some boot = something to boot, *i.e.*, money.

658 earnest = money to seal a bargain.

665 dislikens, etc. = disguise your real looks.

*Camillo.* No remedy.

Have you done there?

*Florizel.* Should I now meet my father, 670  
He would not call me son.

*Camillo.* Nay, you shall have no hat.  
[Giving it to PERDITA.]

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

*Autolycus.* Adieu, sir.

*Florizel.* O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!  
Pray you, a word.

*Camillo.* [Aside] What I do next shall be to tell the  
king 675

Of this escape and whither they are bound;  
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail  
To force him after: in whose company  
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight  
I have a woman's longing.

*Florizel.* Fortune speed us! 680

Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

*Camillo.* The swifter speed the better.

[Exeunt FLORIZEL, PERDITA, and CAMILLO.]

*Autolycus.* I understand the business, I hear it: to  
have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand,  
is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requi- 685  
site also, to smell out work for the other senses.  
I see this is the time that the unjust man doth



thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we 690 may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king 695 withal, I would not do't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

*Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.*

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hang- 700 ing, yields a careful man work.

*Clown.* See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood. 705

*Shepherd.* Nay, but hear me.

*Clown.* Nay, but hear me.

*Shepherd.* Go to, then.

*Clown.* She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; 710 and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her:

694 clog = impediment: slang for wife.      696 withal = with it.

699 hot = active.

713 secret things; see III, 3, 47.

this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

*Shepherd.* I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law. 721

*Clown.* Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

*Autolycus.* [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

*Shepherd.* Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

*Autolycus.* [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my mas- 730  
ter.

*Clown.* Pray heartily he be at palace.

*Autolycus.* [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

*Shepherd.* To the palace, an it like your worship.

*Autolycus.* Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,

724 I know how much: the clown's blunder for I know not how much.

727 fardel = package.

734 excrement = hair or beard.

736 an it like = if you please.

739 having = estate.

breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, 740  
discover.

*Clown.* We are but plain fellows, sir.

*Autolycus.* A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let  
me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen.

*Shepherd.* Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir? 752

*Autolycus.* Whether it like me or no, I am a court-  
ier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these  
enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of 755  
the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from  
me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt?  
Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from  
thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I  
am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push 760  
on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I  
command thee to open thy affair.

*Shepherd.* My business, sir, is to the king.

*Autolycus.* What advocate hast thou to him? 765

*Shepherd.* I know not, an 't like you.

*Clown.* Advocate's the court-word for a pheasant:  
say you have none.

*Shepherd.* None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor  
hen. 770

*Autolycus.* How blessed are we that are not sim-  
ple men!

755 measure = stately tread.      758 toaze = draw.

760 cap-a-pe = from head to foot.

767 pheasant; *i.e.*, to take as a present to the king.

Yet nature might have made me as these are,  
Therefore I will not disdain.

*Clown.* This cannot be but a great courtier.

*Shepherd.* His garments are rich, but he wears 775  
them not handsomely.

*Clown.* He seems to be the more noble in being  
fantastical: a great man, I'll warrant; I know by  
the picking on's teeth.

*Autolycus.* The fardel there? what's i' the fardel? 780  
Wherefore that box?

*Shepherd.* Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel  
and box, which none must know but the king; and  
which he shall know within this hour, if I may  
come to the speech of him. 785

*Autolycus.* Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

*Shepherd.* Why, sir?

*Autolycus.* The king is not at the palace; he is  
gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and  
air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things 790  
serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

*Shepherd.* So 't is said, sir; about his son, that  
should have married a shepherd's daughter.

*Autolycus.* If that shepherd be not in hand-fast,  
let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures 795  
he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart  
of monster.

*Clown.* Think you so, sir?

*Autolycus.* Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that <sup>800</sup> are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that <sup>805</sup> death is too soft for him, say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

*Clown.* Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir? 810

*Autolycus.* He has a son, who shall be flayed alive; then 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three-quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, <sup>815</sup> and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries <sup>820</sup> are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being some-

thing gently considered, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, 825  
whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

*Clown.* He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority 830  
be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

*Shepherd.* An't please you, sir, to undertake the 835  
business for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

*Autolycus.* After I have done what I promised?

*Shepherd.* Ay, sir. 840

*Autolycus.* Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

*Clown.* In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

*Autolycus.* O, that's the case of the shepherd's 845  
son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

*Clown.* Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know

824 something gently considered = bribed.

825 tender, *i.e.*, introduce.

843 case = circumstances; also skin (Pun).

't is none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old 850 man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you.

*Autolycus.* I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look 855 upon the hedge and follow you.

*Clown.* We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

*Shepherd.* Let's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown. 860

*Autolycus.* If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occasion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may 865 turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; 870 for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [Exit.

## ACT V

### SCENE I. *A room in LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter LEONTES, CLEOMENES, DION, PAULINA, and Servants.*

*Cleomenes.* Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd

A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,  
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down  
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,  
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil; 5  
With them forgive yourself.

*Leontes.* Whilst I remember  
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget  
My blemishes in them, and so still think of  
The wrong I did myself; which was so much,  
That heirless it hath made my kingdom and 10  
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion.

*Paulina.* True, my lord:  
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,  
Or from the all that are took something good,  
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd 15  
Would be unparallel'd.

*Leontes.* I think so. Kill'd!  
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me  
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter

8 My blemishes in them, *i.e.*, my sins in comparison with her virtues.



Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good  
now,

Say so but seldom.

*Cleomenes.* Not at all, good lady: 20

You might have spoken a thousand things that  
would

Have graced your kindness better.

*Paulina.* You are one of those

Would have him wed again. There is none  
worthy,

Respecting her that's gone. Besides, the gods 35

Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;

For has not the divine Apollo said

That King Leontes shall not have an heir

Till his lost child be found? [*To LEONTES*] Care not  
for issue; 40  
46

The crown will find an heir: great Alexander

Left his to the worthiest; so his successor

Was like to be the best.

*Leontes.* Good Paulina,

Who hast the memory of Hermione, 50

I know, in honour, O, that ever I

Had squared me to thy counsel! then, even  
now,

I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes.

No more such wives; therefore, no wife. 56

Fear thou no wife;

I'll have no wife, Paulina.

*Paulina.* Will you swear

Never to marry but by my free leave? 70

*Leontes.* Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

*Paulina.* Then, good my lords, bear witness to his  
oath.

*Cleomenes.* You tempt him over-much.

*Paulina.* Unless another,

As like Hermione as is her picture,

Affront his eye.

*Cleomenes.* Good madam,—

*Paulina.* I have done. 75

Yet, if my lord will marry, give me the office

To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young

As was your former.

*Leontes.* My true Paulina, 81

We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

*Paulina.* That

Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;

Never till then.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Gentleman.* One that gives out himself Prince

Florizel, 85

Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she

The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access

75 Affront = meet.

To your high presence.

*Leontes.* What with him? he comes not  
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,  
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us 90  
'T is not a visitation framed, but forced  
By need and accident. What train?

*Gentleman.* But few,  
And those but mean.

*Leontes.* His princess, say you, with him?

*Gentleman.* Ay, the most peerless piece of earth,  
I think,

That e'er the sun shone bright on. 95

*Leontes.* Go, Cleomenes;  
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,  
Bring them to our embracement. Still, 't is strange

[*Exeunt CLEOMENES and others.*]

He thus should steal upon us.

*Paulina.* Had our prince, 115  
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd  
Well with this lord: there was not full a month  
Between their births.

*Leontes.* Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st  
He dies to me when talk'd of. They are come. 120

*Re-enter CLEOMENES and others, with FLORIZEL and PER-  
DITA.*

Most dearly welcome! were I but twenty-one,

90 out of circumstance = without ceremony. Camillo's letters have mis-  
carried. IV, 4, 631-3.

Your father's image is so hit in you, 127  
His very air, that I should call you brother.  
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!  
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth  
Might thus have stood as you; and then I lost—  
All mine own folly—the society 135  
Of your brave father; I desire my life  
Once more to look on him.

*Florizel.* By his command  
Have I here touch'd Sicilia and from him  
Give you all greetings: you, whom he loves— 140  
He bade me say so—more than all the sceptres  
And those that bear them living.

*Leontes.* O my brother,  
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir  
Afresh within me. Welcome hither, 151  
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too  
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,  
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,  
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less 155  
The adventure of her person?

*Florizel.* Good my lord,  
She came from Libya.

*Leontes.* Where the warlike Smalus,  
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

*Florizel.* Most royal sir, from thence; from him,  
whose daughter

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence, 160  
A prosperous south wind friendly, we have cross'd,  
To execute the charge my father gave me  
For visiting your highness: my best train  
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;  
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify 165  
Not only my success in Libya, sir,  
But my arrival and my wife's in safety  
Here where we are.

*Leontes.* The blessed gods  
Purge all infection from our air whilst you  
Do climate here! You have a holy father, 170  
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,  
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:  
For which the heavens, taking angry note,  
Have left me issueless; and your father's blest,  
As he from heaven merits it, with you 175  
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,  
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,  
Such goodly things as you!

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Most noble sir,  
That which I shall report will bear no credit,  
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir, 180  
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;  
Desires you to attach his son, who has—

His dignity and duty both cast off—  
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with  
A shepherd's daughter.

*Leontes.* Where's Bohemia? speak. 185

*Lord.* Here in your city; I now came from him:  
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,  
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way 190  
The father of this seeming lady and  
Her brother, having both their country quitted  
With this young prince.

*Florizel.* Camillo has betray'd me;  
Whose honour and whose honesty till now  
Endured all weathers.

*Lord.* Lay't so to his charge: 195  
He's with the king your father.

*Leontes.* Who? Camillo?

*Lord.* Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now  
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I  
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;  
Forswear themselves as often as they speak: 200  
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them  
With divers deaths in death.

*Perdita.* O my poor father!  
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have  
Our contract celebrated.

*Leontes.* You are married?

*Florizel.* We are not, sir, nor are we like to be; 205  
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first.

*Leontes.* Is this the daughter of a king?

*Florizel.* She is,

When once she is my wife.

*Leontes.* That 'once,' I see by your good father's  
, speed, 210

Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,  
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking  
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry  
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,  
That you might well enjoy her.

*Florizel.* Dear, look up: 215

Though Fortune, visible an enemy,  
Should chase us with my father, power no jot  
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,  
Remember since you owed no more to time  
Than I do now: with thought of such affections, 220  
Step forth mine advocate; at your request  
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

*Leontes.* Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious  
mistress, .

Which he counts but a trifle. I 'll to your father:  
Therefore follow me: come, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

214 worth = rank.

219 since = when.

216 visible an enemy = seen to be an enemy.

220 such affections, *i.e.*, how you felt then.

SCENE II. *Before LEONTES' palace.*

*Enter AUTOLYCUS and a Gentleman.*

*Autolycus.* Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

*First Gentleman.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazed-  
ness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

*Autolycus.* I would most gladly know the issue of it.

11

*First Gentleman.* The king and Camillo seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked  
as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the  
one, it must needs be.

*Enter another Gentleman.*

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more.  
The news, Rogero?

*Second Gentleman.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found:

25



such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the 30 verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

*Third Gentleman.* Most true: that which you hear you'll swear you see, there is such unity in the 35 proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonius found with it which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which 40 nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

*Second Gentleman.* No. 45

*Third Gentleman.* Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. 50

There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenances of such distraction that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now 55 become a loss, cries 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such 60 another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

*Second Gentleman.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child? 65

*Third Gentleman.* Like an old tale still. He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which 70 seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

*First Gentleman.* What became of his bark and his followers?

*Third Gentleman.* Wrecked the same instant of 75 their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was

found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one <sup>80</sup> eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing. <sup>85</sup>

*First Gentleman.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

*Third Gentleman.* One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught <sup>90</sup> the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to an- <sup>95</sup> other, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal. <sup>100</sup>

*First Gentleman.* Are they returned to the court?

*Third Gentleman.* No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly

performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who so near to Hermione hath done Hermione that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer: thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

*Second Gentleman.* I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

*First Gentleman.* Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? Let's along.

[*Exeunt Gentlemen.*]

*Autolycus.* Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 't is all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

*Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms 135 of their fortune.

*Shepherd.* Come, boy, I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

*Clown.* You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentle- 140 man born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born. 145

*Autolycus.* I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

*Clown.* Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

*Shepherd.* And so have I, boy.

*Clown.* So you have: but I was a gentleman born 150 before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was 155 the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

*Shepherd.* We may live, son, to shed many more.

*Clown.* Ay; or else 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

*Autolycus.* I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon 160  
me all the faults I have committed to your worship and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

*Shepherd.* Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, 165  
now we are gentlemen.

*Clown.* Thou wilt amend thy life?

*Autolycus.* Ay, an it like your good worship.

*Clown.* Give me thy hand: I will swear to the 170  
prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

*Shepherd.* You may say it, but not swear it.

*Clown.* Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let  
boors and franklins say it, I'll swear it.

*Shepherd.* How if it be false, son?

*Clown.* If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman 175  
may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I'll swear it, and I 180  
would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

*Autolycus.* I will prove so, sir, to my power.

159 preposterous, the clown's blunder for prosperous.

173 franklins, small landholders of humble family.

177 a tall fellow of thy hands = a "tall" hand at fighting, brave.

*Clown.* Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! 185  
the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A chapel in PAULINA'S house.*

*Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Leontes.* O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort

That I have had of thee!

*Paulina.* What, sovereign sir,  
I did not well I meant well. All my services  
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed,

With your crown'd brother and these your contracted 5

Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,  
It is a surplus of your grace, which never  
My life may last to answer.

*Leontes.* O Paulina,  
We honour you with trouble: but we came  
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery 10  
Have we pass'd through, not without much content

In many singularities; but we saw not  
That which my daughter came to look upon,  
The statue of her mother.

*Paulina.* As she lived peerless,  
So her dead likeness, I do well believe, 15  
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon  
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it  
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare  
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever  
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 't is well. 20

[*PAULINA draws a curtain, and discovers HERMIONE standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off  
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.  
Comes it not something near?

*Leontes.* Her natural posture!  
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed 25  
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she  
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender  
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,  
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing  
So aged as this seems.

*Polixenes.* O, not by much.

*Paulina.* So much the more our carver's excellence; 30  
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes  
her



As she lived now.

*Leontes.* As now she might have done,  
So much to my good comfort. Thus she stood,  
Even with such life of majesty, warm life, 35  
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!  
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me  
For being more stone than it? O royal piece  
There's magic in thy majesty, which has  
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits, 41  
Standing like stone with thee.

*Perdita.* And give me leave,  
And do not say 't is superstition, that  
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,  
Dear queen, that ended when I but began, 45  
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

*Paulina.* O, patience!  
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's  
Not dry.

*Camillo.* My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,  
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, 50  
So many summers dry: scarce any joy  
Did ever so long live; no sorrow  
But kill'd itself much sooner.

*Polixenes.* Dear my brother,  
Let him that was the cause of this have power  
To take off so much grief from you as he 55

48 Not dry: painted statues were common in the ancient and middle ages.

Will piece up in himself.

*Paulina.* Indeed, my lord,  
If I had thought the sight of my poor image  
Would thus have wrought you,—for the stone is  
mine—

I 'ld not have show'd it.

*Leontes.* Do not draw the curtain.

*Paulina.* No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your  
fancy

60

May think anon it moves.

*Leontes.* Let be, let be.

Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—  
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those  
veins

Did verily bear blood?

*Polixenes.* Masterly done:

65

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

*Leontes.* The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,  
As we are mock'd with art.

*Paulina.* I 'll draw the curtain:

My lord's almost so far transported that  
He 'll think anon it lives.

*Leontes.* O sweet Paulina,

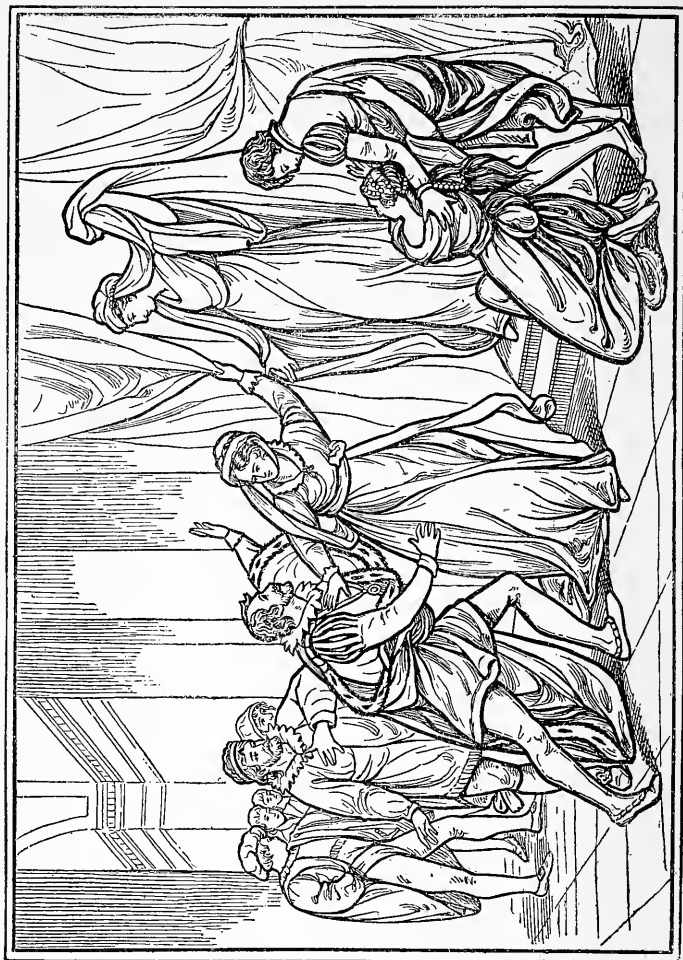
70

Make me to think so twenty years together!

62 Would I were dead = the modern oath, I hope to die.

67 fixure = direction.





*Paulina.*

Good my lord, forbear:  
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.

Act V, Scene III, line 80.

No settled senses of the world can match  
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

*Paulina.* I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd  
you: but

I could afflict you farther.

*Leontes.* Do, Paulina; 75

For this affliction has a taste as sweet  
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,  
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,  
For I will kiss her.

*Paulina.* Good my lord, forbear: 80

The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;  
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own  
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

*Leontes.* No, not these twenty years.

*Perdita.* So long could I  
Stand by, a looker on.

*Paulina.* Either forbear, 85

Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you  
For more amazement. If you can behold it,  
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend  
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think—  
Which I protest against—I am assisted 90  
By wicked powers.

*Leontes.* What you can make her do,  
I am content to look on: what to speak,

I am content to hear; for 't is as easy  
To make her speak as move.

*Paulina.* It is required  
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still; 95  
On: those that think it is unlawful business  
I am about, let them depart.

*Leontes.* Proceed:  
No foot shall stir.

*Paulina.* Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*  
'T is time; descend; be stone no more; approach;  
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come, 100  
I'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,  
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him  
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:

[*HERMIONE comes down.*

Start not; her actions shall be holy as  
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her 105  
Until you see her die again; for then  
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:  
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age  
Is she become the suitor?

*Leontes.* O, she's warm!  
If this be magic, let it be an art 110  
Lawful as eating.

*Polixenes.* She embraces him.  
*Camillo.* She hangs about his neck:  
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

*Polixenes.* Ay, and make 't manifest where she  
has lived,

Or how stolen from the dead.

*Paulina.* That she is living, 115

Were it but told you, should be hooted at

Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,

Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.

Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel

And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady; 120

Our Perdita is found.

*Hermione.* You gods, look down

And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,

Where hast thou been preserved? where lived?

how found

Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I, 125

Knowing by Paulina that the oracle

Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved

Myself to see the issue.

*Paulina.* There's time enough for that;

You precious winners all: your exultation 131

Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there

My mate, that's never to be found again,

Lament till I am lost.

131 precious winners = winners of something precious.

131 your exultation partake = communicate your joy.

*Leontes.*

O, peace, Paulina!

135

Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,  
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,  
And made between's by vows. Thou hast found  
mine;

But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,  
As I thought, dead, and have in vain said many 140  
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not seek far—  
For him, I partly know his mind—to find thee  
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,  
And take her by the hand, whose worth and hon-  
esty

Is richly noted and here justified 145  
By us, a pair of kings. This is your son-in-law  
And son unto the king, who, heavens directing, 150  
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,  
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely  
Each one demand and answer to his part  
Perform'd in this wide gap of time since first  
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [Exeunt. 155

151 troth-plight = plighted, betrothed.



## NOTES

NOTE 1. At the time the Shakespearean plays were composed, the English language was in a transitional state. Its syntax generally was that of its parent Anglo-Saxon, modified in details by the influence of Latin and Norman-French. This grafting of Latin usages upon Anglo-Saxon or Early English, added to the confusion incident to the dropping of old inflections, justified Elizabethan authors in exercising a freedom of invention which could not have been granted at any subsequent date. Consequently they experimented in new words and combinations, some of which are now firmly fixed in the language, so that they do not appear strange to us; others are found only in poetry; while still others failed to survive except as they appear in the literature of that date. This bold handling of the language was due to "a spirit which preferred clearness and vigor of expression to logical symmetry." Certain irregularities which occur in the present play would require special study; but in the main, the old or transient forms used may be grouped under a few general headings.

NOTE 2. Ellipsis, that is, the omission of letters or words for the sake of brevity, generally when the meaning can be easily followed: *she (whom) I can hook to me.* II, 3, 6.

NOTE 3. The use of one part of speech for another: *whilst you do climate here.* V, 1, 170.

Under this heading may be classed:

(a) The use of one auxiliary, or one part of the verb *to be*, for another: *I have seen a lady's nose that has been blue.* II, 1, 14.

(b) The interchanging of pronouns and of participles: *Not she which burns in 't.* II, 3, 116.

(c) The use of an intransitive verb transitively: *and falling a lip of much contempt.* I, 2, 372.

NOTE 4. Doubling for emphasis: *Not for because your brows are blacker.* II, 1, 7.

NOTE 5. Obsolete usages:

(a) Obsolete words: *that I insinuate or toaze from thee thy business.* IV, 4, 759.

(b) Obsolete forms: *I was not much afeard.* IV, 4, 452.

(c) Obsolete constructions: *you have made fault i' the boldness of your speech.* III, 2, 218.

(d) Obsolete meanings: *again worries he his daughter with clipping her.* V, 2, 58.

NOTE 6. The use of abstract nouns in the plural where modern use demands the singular: *Hold your peaces.* II, 1, 139.

NOTE 7. The transposition of words or phrases : *bid these unknown friends to us welcome*. IV, 4, 65.

(a) A peculiar and beautiful form of transposition which is a favorite with Shakespeare is illustrated in III, 2, 206.

NOTE 8. Ungrammatical constructions due to lack of care on the part of the author : *whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented*. IV, 2, 26.

NOTE 9. Pp. 3, 29. This play abounds in elliptical passages, the language in many places being so condensed as to make its interpretation very difficult. These portions have generally been omitted.

NOTE 10. P. 4. The stages of a royal journey or "progress" were pre-arranged and written in a scroll which was called a *gest*. *Gest* originally meant a stopping-place ; hence, the part of a journey between rests ; here, by a figure of speech, the limit of *time* instead of the *place*.

NOTE 11. Pp. 5, 73. In old times a bargain was closed by the parties to the agreement clasp hands. The ceremony was especially used in the betrothal of lovers.

NOTE 12. P. 16. Spiders were considered poisonous and were sometimes used for the purpose of assassination, mixed in a drink, either alone or in combination with other poisons. According to some authorities it was necessary for the victim to find the spider in the cup after he had drunk.

NOTE 13. Pp. 20, 34, 44. Delphos or Delphi was a small village in Phocis, about six miles inland, north of the gulf of Corinth, and on the side of Mount Parnassus. Here was the famous temple to Apollo which sheltered the greatest of the Greek oracles. The priest in the temple received the message of the god in reply to the inquiry of a visitor and frequently rendered the answer in a mysterious or ambiguous form. Thus it was possible to keep alive the faith of the superstitious, unscientific people of ancient Greece. Shakespeare follows the mistake of an earlier writer in making Delphos an island. In the same way he gives Bohemia a sea-shore, and must be forgiven for inconsistencies of time and place which would be inexcusable in these days, when care is taken to secure accuracy in every detail.

NOTE 14. Pp. 23, 31. The ancient Romans, in common with our Teutonic ancestors, had a custom which gave the father the right to say whether the new-born child should be allowed to live or not. The infant was laid on the ground before him and if he refused to take it up it was either killed or "exposed"; and this is still the fate of countless infants in many barbarian and savage nations. The rejected child was exposed by being placed in some desolate

spot. Moses and Cyrus are famous examples of exposed children. In the early Christian days these abandoned infants were sometimes rescued by nuns who brought them up in the service of the church; sometimes they were saved by kind-hearted peasants; but most frequently they must have perished miserably. Shakespeare illustrates these old customs in this play, although he does not directly refer to them.

NOTE 15. P. 26. In the Age of Chivalry the "trial by combat" was often resorted to in defense of a person's life or character. The knight who undertook in this manner to establish the character or to save the life of his friend, rode armed into the lists in the presence of the king or duke and challenged the enemy or enemies of that friend to meet him one after another. The guilt or innocence of the friend was supposed to be established by the result of the combat.

Converting this custom into a metaphor, Paulina says of the queen that she would "make her good" "by combat" if she were a man, even the weakest of those there present.

NOTE 16. P. 28. *The valley*. The meaning of the word here is uncertain; perhaps *dimple*, perhaps the little hollow leading from the septum of the nose down the upper lip, a feature which is quite noticeable in a baby.

NOTE 17. P. 32. In all parts of the world there are traditions of the adoption of children by animals, especially by wolves. The fabled founders of Rome, Romulus and Remus, were suckled by a wolf. *Mowgli*, whom Mr. Kipling has transferred from the legends of the hill-folk of India to the pages of *The Jungle Book*, is another example.

NOTE 18. P. 48. A bowl of flap-dragon was made by adding to liquor some small, floating sweetmeats which were combustible. They were set on fire and the liquor stirred with a candle-end and drunk blazing.

NOTE 19. Pp. 52, 66. Shakespeare's plays are interspersed with songs which vary greatly in style. In those of Autolycus he uses the style of the ditty of his time, with its jingles and refrains of jolly nonsense; the meaning of the words of these refrains, as *dildo* and *fading*, have been lost. Many of Mother Goose's Rhymes, certain college songs, and some songs on the comic stage are survivals of this type of verse.

NOTE 20. P. 53. The Autolycus of Greek mythology was a noted thief, the son of Mercury who was the god of thieving. His namesake in *The Winter's Tale*, the "snapper-up of unconsidered (un-guarded) trifles," "traffics" in sheets, stealing the large pieces of

new linen spread on the hedges to bleach, leaving smaller bits to the birds. Being too cowardly to attempt highway robbery, which involves "gallows and knock," he finds his easy revenue in petty thieving, or, as he calls it, "the silly cheat."

NOTE 21. Pp. 59, 62. Jupiter became a bull and carried off Europa on his back. Neptune in the form of a ram courted Theophane. Apollo as a shepherd wooed the timid Daphne whom her father turned into a tree. Juno was the wife of Jupiter, and queen of the gods. Cytherea is another name for Venus, goddess of love. Phœbus, the sun-god, is Apollo.

NOTE 22. P. 61. *Gillyvors*. Perdita dislikes these flowers because their variegation ("piedness") is produced by art, not nature; she classes them with painted women, whom she despises.

NOTE 23. P. 62. Proserpina was the daughter of the goddess Ceres. While she was gathering flowers, Pluto, or Dis, driving past in his chariot, snatched her up and carried her down to Hades, where she was obliged to stay half of every year.

NOTE 24. P. 63. Whitsunday, or Pentecost, occurs seven weeks after Easter; it was celebrated in England with festivities which included rustic dramas, called pastorals.

NOTE 25. P. 63. *Still betters what is done*, etc. "Whatever you do always seems the best that you or any one could do." *Each your doing*, etc., l. 143: "Each of your acts, so unparalleled in every respect, crowns itself as the best, so that all your acts are queens."

NOTE 26. Pp. 68, 103. In Shakespeare's time any unusual event would be seized upon by inferior poets and woven into verse to be sung as a ballad. Several remarkable "fish-stories" of the period in the form of ballads are still preserved.

NOTE 27. P. 70. The satyrs were less important deities, or demi-gods of the woods, companions of the nymphs and dryads. Their bodies, half man, half goat (according to some authorities), were covered with rough hair; their behavior was rude and mischievous.

NOTE 28. P. 72. *If your lass interpretation*, etc. "If your lass should pretend that she did not understand you, and should say that you lacked love or generosity, you would find it hard to reply."

NOTE 29. P. 104. Conduits or water-pipes in old houses often ended in a gargoyle, a figure carved in stone. The old shepherd, weeping for joy, is said to resemble an old conduit that has stood the weather through "many kings' reigns."

## EXTRACTS

*These extracts are pithy, noted, or exquisite passages which are recommended as worthy of special attention or memorizing.*



With a countenance as clear  
As friendship wears at feasts. *Act 1, Scene 2, line 343.*

Swear his thought over  
By each particular star in heaven and  
By all their influences, you may as well  
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon  
As or by oath remove or counsel shake  
The fabric of his folly. *Act 1, Scene 2, line 424.*

There may be in the cup  
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,  
And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge  
Is not infected : but if one present  
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known  
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,  
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.  
*Act 2, Scene 1, line 39.*

These petty brands  
That calumny doth use. *Act 2, Scene 1, line 71.*

Calumny will sear  
Virtue itself. *Act 2, Scene 1, line 73.*

Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are ; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities : but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears drown. *Act 2, Scene 1, line 107.*

The silence often of pure innocence  
Persuades when speaking fails. *Act 2, Scene 2, line 41.*

Slander,  
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's.  
*Act 2, Scene 3, line 85.*

If powers divine  
Behold our human actions, as they do,  
I doubt not then but innocence shall make  
False accusation blush and tyranny  
Tremble at patience. *Act 3, Scene 2, line 29.*

For life, I prize it  
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,  
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,  
And only that I stand for. *Act 3, Scene 2, line 43.*

*Hermione.* The Emperor of Russia was my father:  
O that he were alive, and here beholding  
His daughter's trial! that he did but see  
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes  
Of pity, not revenge! *Act 3, Scene 2, line 120.*

No richer than his honour. *Act 3, Scene 2, line 171.*

What's gone and what's past help  
Should be past grief. *Act 3, Scene 2, line 223.*

A snapper up of unconsidered trifles. *Act 4, Scene 3, line 26.*

Having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only  
in rogue. *Act 4, Scene 3, line 105.*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a:  
A merry heart goes all the day,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a.  
*Act 4, Scene 3, line 132.*

For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome. *Act 4, Scene 4, line 74.*

The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun,  
And with him rises weeping. *Act 4, Scene 4, line 105.*

O Proserpina,  
For the flowers now, that, frightened, thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,  
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids ; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 116.*

When you do dance, I wish you  
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
Nothing but that ; move still, still so,  
And own no other function.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 140.*

He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out : good sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 159.*

There is not half a kiss to choose  
Who loves another best.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 175.*

Were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof, most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge,  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love ; for her employ them all.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 382.*

The selfsame sun that shines upon his court,  
Hides not his visage from our cottage but  
Looks on alike.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 454.*

Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or  
The close earth holds or the profound seas hide  
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
To this my fair beloved.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 498.*

*Camillo.* Prosperity's the very bond of love,  
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together  
Affliction alters.

*Perdita.* One of these is true :  
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,  
But not take in the mind.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 583.*

This is the time that the unjust man doth thrive.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 687.*

The gods do this year connive at us, and we may do anything  
extempore.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 690.*

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the  
nose with gold.

*Act 4, Scene 4, line 830.*

As every present time doth boast itself  
Above a better gone.

*Act 5, Scene 1, line 96.*

Women will love her, that she is a woman  
More worth than any man; men, that she is  
The rarest of all women.

*Act 5, Scene 1, line 110.*

Welcome hither,  
As is the spring to the earth.

*Act 5, Scene 1, line 151.*

What fine chisel  
Could ever yet cut breath?

*Act 5, Scene 3, line 78.*



# PERDITA AND FLORIZEL

## *A Little Play selected from the Fourth Act, Scene Four*



*Costuming and some simple scenery will be necessary to present the play appropriately. It may be lengthened by adding all of Scene 3 and lines 181 to 330 of Scene 4 as abridged in this edition. The cast of characters should explain their relations to each other.*

SCENE. *The Shepherd's cottage.*

*Enter FLORIZEL and PERDITA.*

*Florizel.* These your unusual weeds to each part of you  
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora  
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing  
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,  
And you the queen on 't.

*Perdita.* Sir, my gracious lord,  
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:  
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,  
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured  
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,  
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts  
In every mess have folly and the feeders  
Digest it with a custom, I should blush  
To see you so attired.

*Florizel.* I bless the time  
When my good falcon made her flight across  
Thy father's ground.

*Perdita.* Now Jove afford you cause!  
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness  
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble  
To think your father, by some accident,  
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!  
How would he look? What would he say? Or how  
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold  
The sternness of his presence?

*Florizel.* Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,

Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts. Their transformations  
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer.

*Perdita.*

O, but, sir,

Your resolution cannot hold, when 't is  
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king.

*Florizel.*

Thou dearest Perdita,

With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not  
The mirth o' the feast. Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;  
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing  
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:  
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day  
Of celebration of that nuptial which  
We two have sworn shall come. Your guests approach:  
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,  
And let's be red with mirth.

*Enter Shepherd, Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, and others, with  
POLIXENES and CAMILLO disguised.*

*Shepherd.* Fie, daughter! You are retired,  
As if you were a feasted one and not  
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid  
These unknown friends to's welcome; for it is  
A way to make us better friends, more known.  
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself  
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,  
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,  
As your good flock shall prosper.

*Perdita.*

[*To POLIXENES*] Sir, welcome:

It is my father's will I should take on me  
The hostess-ship o' the day. [To CAMILLO] You're welcome, sir.  
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,  
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long:  
Grace and remembrance be to you both,  
And welcome to our shearing!

*Polixenes.*

Shepherdess,—

A fair one are you—well you fit our ages  
With flowers of winter.

*Perdita.* Sir, the year growing ancient,  
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth  
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season  
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,  
And of that kind our rustic garden's barren.  
Here's flowers for you;

Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;  
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun  
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers  
Of middle summer, and I think they are given  
To men of middle age. You're very welcome.

*Camillo.* I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,  
And only live by gazing.

*Perdita.* Out, alas!  
You'd be so lean, that blasts of January  
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,  
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might  
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours.  
O Proserpina,

For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall  
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,  
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes  
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,  
That die unmarried, ere they can behold  
Bright Phœbus in his strength—a malady  
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and  
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,  
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,  
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,  
To strew him o'er and o'er!

*Florizel.* What, like a corse?

*Perdita.* No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;  
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,  
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:  
Methinks I play as I have seen them do  
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine  
Does change my disposition.

*Florizel.* What you do  
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,

I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,  
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms,  
 Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,  
 To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you  
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do  
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,  
 And own no other function.

*Perdita.* O Doricles,

Your praises are too large.

*Florizel.* Come; our dance, I pray:

Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,  
 That never mean to part.

*Polixenes.* This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever  
 Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems  
 But smacks of something greater than herself,  
 Too noble for this place.

*Camillo.* He tells her something  
 That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is  
 The queen of curds and cream.

*Clown.* Come on, strike up!

*Dorcas.* Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,  
 To mend her kissing with!

*Mopsa.* Now, in good time!

*Clown.* Not a word, a word; we stand upon our manners.  
 Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

*Polixenes.* Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this  
 Which dances with your daughter?

*Shepherd.* They call him Doricles.

He says he loves my daughter:

I think so too; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water as he'll stand and read

As 't were my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,

I think there is not half a kiss to choose

Who loves another best.

*Polixenes.* She dances featly.

*Shepherd.* So she does any thing; though I report it,  
 That should be silent.

[*Exeunt Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*]

*Polixenes.* [To CAMILLO] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to  
 part them.

He's simple and tells much. [*To FLORIZEL*] How now, fair shepherd!

Your heart is full of something that does take  
Your mind from feasting.

*Florizel.* O, hear me breathe my life  
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,  
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that's bolted  
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

*Polixenes.* What follows this?

How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:  
But to your protestation; let me hear  
What you profess.

*Florizel.* Do, and be witness to 't.

*Polixenes.* And this my neighbour too?

*Florizel.* And he, and more  
Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:  
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge  
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them  
Without her love; for her employ them all.

*Polixenes.* Fairly offer'd.

*Camillo.* This shows a sound affection.

*Shepherd.* But, my daughter,

Say you the like to him?

*Perdita.* I cannot speak

So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

*Shepherd.* Take hands, a bargain!  
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:  
I give my daughter to him, and will make  
Her portion equal his.

*Florizel.* O, that must be  
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

*Shepherd.* Come, your hand;  
And, daughter, yours.

*Polixenes.* Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;  
Have you a father?

*Florizel.* I have: but what of him?

*Polixenes.* Knows he of this?

*Florizel.* He neither does nor shall.

*Polixenes.* Methinks a father  
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest  
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,  
Is not your father grown incapable  
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid  
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?  
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?  
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing  
But what he did being childish?

*Florizel.* No, good sir;  
He has his health and ampler strength indeed  
Than most have of his age.

*Polixenes.* By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfilial: the father should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

*Florizel.* I yield all this;  
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint  
My father of this business.

*Polixenes.* Let him know 't.

*Florizel.* He shall not.

*Polixenes.* Prithee, let him.

*Florizel.* No, he must not.

*Shepherd.* Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve  
At knowing of thy choice.

*Florizel.* Come, come, he must not.

Mark our contract.

*Polixenes.* Mark your divorce, young sir,  
[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base  
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,  
That thou affect'st a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,  
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can

But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece  
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know  
The royal fool thou copest with,—

*Shepherd.*

O, my heart!

*Polixenes.* I'll have thy beauty scratched with briers, and made  
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,  
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh  
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never  
I mean thou shalt, we'll bar thee from succession;  
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin;  
Follow us to the court. And you, enchantment,  
Worthy enough a herdsman, if ever henceforth thou  
These rural latches to his entrance open,  
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,  
I will devise a death as cruel for thee  
As thou art tender to 't.

[*Exit.*

*Perdita.*

Even here undone!

I was not much afeard; for once or twice  
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,  
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court  
Hides not his visage from our cottage but  
Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, be gone?  
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,  
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—  
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,  
But milk my ewes and weep.

*Camillo.*

Why, how now, father?

Speak ere thou diest.

*Shepherd.*

I cannot speak, nor think,

Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!  
You have undone a man of fourscore three,  
That thought to fill his grave in quiet, yea,  
To die upon the bed my father died,  
To lie close by his honest bones. Undone!  
If I might die within this hour, I have lived  
To die when I desire.

[*Exit.*

*Florizel.*

Why look you so upon me?

I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,  
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am.

*Camillo.*

Gracious my lord,

You know your father's temper: at this time

He will allow no speech, which I do guess  
 You do not purpose to him; and as hardly  
 Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:  
 Then, till the fury of his highness settle,  
 Come not before him.

*Florizel.* I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

*Camillo.* Even he, my lord.

*Perdita.* How often have I told you 't would be thus!  
 How often said, my dignity would last  
 But till 't were known!

*Florizel.* It cannot fail but by  
 The violation of my faith; and then  
 Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together  
 And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:  
 From my succession wipe me, father; I  
 Am heir to my affection.

*Camillo.* Be advised.

*Florizel.* I am, and by my fancy: if my reason  
 Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;  
 If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
 Do bid it welcome.

*Camillo.* This is desperate, sir.

*Florizel.* So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;  
 I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,  
 Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may  
 Be thereat glean'd, for all the sun sees or  
 The close earth holds or the profound seas hide  
 In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath  
 To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,  
 As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,  
 When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not  
 To see him any more,—cast your good counsels  
 Upon his passion: let myself and fortune  
 Tug for the time to come.

[*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and dance.*

*Curtain.*

*Follow with a tableau, "The Reconciliation," showing a court scene with the two kings blessing the lovers.*







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